

The World's
First
Newspaper
of Hi-
Sci-
and
Fantasy



the Monster Times

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Volume 1, No. 18

MY ONLY
TO PREDATE
PEOPLES AND
OTHERS IN
THE WORLD
CAPTURED
TRANSPORTED
TO MY
HOME AND
HOLDED
AS
PRISONS



We here at THE MONSTER TIMES have been eight miles high and still counting—ever since we first planned this issue. An loyal readers of TNT already know, we believe that there's nothing like Horror for brightening up the day, and it has always been our goal to give the world of Horror that much-needed zing in the heart; to put that extra ounce of life and joy into the world of death, destruction, and gore, to bring the brightness of the undead and the macabre into the world of the living, the monster. And so, to kick off this issue, we've got our long-awaited (and, we hope, long-awaited) feature on that all-grown-up, unaging sex creature, THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS. Author Owend Stidworth, a died-in-the-wood MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS fan, certifies to us that this forgotten film is really a classic of the genre, and we'd finally gotten around to giving her a chance to prove her point.

And speaking of favorite Beasts, in this issue we've got another TMT Poll—a complete, comprehensive Monster Poll that gives you, the monster fan, an opportunity to vote for your favorite monsters. Compiled by monster maven Allan Brandt, the TMT Monster Poll offers over 25 categories, pitting monster against monster to determine who of what are the most beloved beasts of fantasy fiction. The results of the Poll will be presented in a future issue.

Plus we've got a preview of DRACULA A.D. 1972, a brand-new horror from Hammer Films, and a brief but candid interview with star Christopher Lee; a report on the superstar of the thriving West German pulp industry, Ferry Kredar; a nostalgic look at the long-lost days WHEN MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS; and a rare display of original artwork accompanying the poignant story of special effects ace Willis O'Brien's missing monster—a disconsolate film project of the '60s. Naturally, all our regular columns and features are continued with gusto, and, unfortunately, SEYMORE makes his return in this issue.

There are times that try men's souls . . . times, in fact, that will try anything once. Now, that we're being subjected to a four-year re-run off The Republicans' Wall. Among us, it is especially important that you cast your votes in our October Poll as soon as possible. Remember: This land is your land/This land is my land/This land belongs to you and me.

3 THE WHO? OF PIEDRAS WHA? That's THE NUMBER of PIEDRAS BLANCAS, our long-promised feature on an unusual class (D) that winter Dame Sidewhoozy claims belongs in the Horror Hall of Fame.

6 PERRY RHODAN, PULP SUPERSTAR:
The pulps are alive and well and living in West Germany, and we've got the complete story on Perry Rhodan, Pulpitron's No. 1 Son.

9 SEYMOUR TRIES AGAIN: After what seemed like an 18-month absence, West Coast humor host SEYMOUR returns to haunt the pages of this otherwise exemplary publication.

10 DRAC'S BACK . . . AGAIN: R. Alan Leider presents Hammer's latest driller, **DRACULA A.D. 1972**, and converses with horror star Christopher Lee.

13 THE 1ST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL!
Cast your votes for your favorite movie monsters in the first comprehensive poll of 'em kind... with 25 countries/25 categories to choose from

WHEN MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS:
Art Miller takes you back to the good old days, when comics were comics and monsters were monsters and often the two would meet.

18 FANZINE REVIEW

22 REVENGE OF THE MONSTER SCENE
Not only is our ever popular Monster Scene column stalking our pages once again, but this time it's bigger and (we hope) better than ever

24 THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY: Do you know there's a monster missing? Tony IaBella explains in this exclusive report on WWE's Stone Cold's Missing Monster, backed up by startling original artwork.

26 KING KONG KOMIX:
You didn't really think we'd put out an issue
without our friend KING KONG, did you?

28 IT TICKED ALL OVER THE WORLD:
The TMT Teletype, that is here with the latest batch of scarifying scoops is our terrifying Teletypeist, Bill Feret.

30 SON OF THE OFFICIAL MONSTER TIMES SCI-FI TV GUIDE:
Being Part II of researcher Gary Geran's exciting, thrill-a-minute list
of all those sci-fi movie classics we've all seen countless times already



Our cover mimics one of Christopher Lee in mid-fight as he appears in the new Hammer-Warner film, DRACULA A.D. 1972, was done by our own Las Wehrman, TMT publisher and graduate of the Famous Artistic Genius Home Correspondence School.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 18, December 21, 1972, published by Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc., 11 West 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscription in U.S.A.: \$6.00 for 12 issues, \$50.00 for 26 issues. Contributions are invited postpaid return postage is waived, however, no responsibility can be assumed for unclaimed material. Stories contents copyrighted © 1972, by the Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address: give 6 weeks notice. Send an address update recent

Project Alpha

filmed on location at Point Conception, Calif. The production manager is Lee Chapman, an associate of Florida producer Ivan Tors, another of whose colleagues, Elmo Browning, portrayed the Black Lagoon Creature and directs second-unit underwater scenes. I assume the budget was slightly under or over \$50,000, which means nothing when a film's entertainment value relies largely on a dramatic background and a straightforward plot with little room for irrelevant distractions.

A SINISTER SEASCAPE

From the beginning, the picture takes full advantage of the gloomy beauty of the Point Conception area, with its dull



Joanne Coven appraises an expression of fear and trepidation when she learns that both the film and her screen career have only about 15 minutes to go.

gray sky and bleak coastal terrain. A mood of insidious dread is subtly prevalent, even during the first twenty minutes, which mostly examine the habits and personalities of the key characters.

The opening shot is a high angle view of a melancholy, wind-swept lighthouse, a sear but isolated octopus at the foot of a hill facing the watery realm that covers three-quarters of the earth's surface. Porecking, with fingers with claws as talk-like fingers rise up over an almost solid and scratch away a mottled encrusted dish. The dish, a moment later, is safely tossed back. The lightkeeper, Sturges, emerges from his house. Walking to his bicycle, Sturges warns off a pair of trespassing fishermen. It is evident that he knows only too well about what he has used them from encountering.

In the village, townspeople gather around a storm-tossed boat containing two very dead fishermen, bloodied and decomposed. "It's hell down there," growls one who "he'll tell," grumbles a man, while constable George Matson urges the crowd to disperse, so that men with stretchers can put the bodies "on ice" in the back of merchant Kochek's store. Kochek, as unshakable gossip, subscribes to the belief of the early settlers that a monster inhabits the white cliffs near the lighthouse.

Sturges' daughter, Lucy, a fetching blonde wuss, dares a young biologist named Fred, whom Lucy later tells the town she's engaged to, to take her father's attention from the world. Her mother took ill while he was helping a ship in distress and died because Dean Doctor refused to brave the storm. Caught

**THE FIEND
THAT WALKS
LOVERS' BEACH!**

**MAN-MONSTER
FROM
THE
SLIMY
DEPTHES!**

**THE
MONSTER
OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS"**

**HE PREYS ON
HUMAN FLESH!**

1st PLACE WINNER
SCHLOCK AWARD
THE MONSTER TIMES

This rare example of prebook art from THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS catches the slimy man-monster in the act of preying on some human flesh.

exploring one of the caves near the lighthouse, Lucy had been peeled off to boarding schools and only this year had been allowed to come home. Fred and Lucy make campfire love on the beach while Doc Jorgenson performs autopsies on the dead fishermen. "If we were living in the 18th century," says the Doc, "I'd swear they were victims of the gouttine. Throat, breast, esophagus cut straight

across. In short, the bards were awarded the truth, the whole truth, to me," says Kochek. "Like the work of some unknown beast. Are you not familiar with the legend of the Monster Of Piedras Blancas?" "That's an old 'ol' tale and you know it," chides Matson.

THE MONSTER MAKES HIS MOVE

After her date with Fred, Lucy walks to the lighthouse and goes to the lighthouse to take an after-dark swim as naively. The Monster's silkened claw reaches out to pierce her undergarments and Sturges' call for Lucy promptly has her in his arms. "I'm not a virgin, Lucy," tells Sturges who had a friend she was being watched. Mexican "heavy breathing" agitates Sturges and he sends her to her room.

In town, the monster game entry to Kochek's store, and the last game Kochek sees is the face of the horror whose existence he has acknowledged all his life. The next morning, the villagers hold a double funeral for the fishermen, while little Jimmy, Kochek's son, sits on his leg, enters the store, and sees Kochek's feet behind his desk. Jimmy hobbles to the cemetery, and says, "Mr. Kochek didn't have any head." A search of the store reveals a curious gift that has somehow gotten attached to one of the

shoes on Jimmy's feet. A guard, Eddie, is assigned to put Kochek in the ice room while the funeral continues.

Sturges lies at the bottom of the cliffs, inspired from a fall. Lucy summons Fred, Jorgenson and Matson, who help Sturges into the lighthouse. Fred's endeavor to explore the cause is interrupted when Matson joins him and, back in town, they see a crowd of people follow a man carrying the tarpaulin-covered corpse of his little daughter. "Her mother went to the store," manages the father, before he slams down his grief-crippled feet.

Everyone converges on the store. Matson enters the ice room, calling for Eddie. A thunder roar precedes his scream. Matson runs out of the room wounded as the Monster hammers out with a grudy impoly—Eddie's head, chalk white and mottled. A stark pose is organized. Fred shoots a molesting gaze as three jagged shots ring out. Another man is dead and one injured.

Fred, in a moment of rage over the agonies of the Monster's kill, catalogues its characteristics. Besides being amphibious, the thing operates primarily on an axis of smell; apparently, he remained in the ice room, knowing that "Food" would be there for the taking. A hasted debate follows. Matson wants the Monster destroyed. Fred and Jorgenson

Meanwhile, on the Lovers' Beach, Joanne Coven and Dino Belli are share a brief, sultry moment as they join the audience in catching up on a little sleep. Belli's, unfortunately, went straight from film like this and went on to star in TEENAGE ZOMBIES.



would rather have it netted alive and sent to a university for scientific research.

LE MONSTER C'EST MOI

Stunes, whose thinking on many things has taken a new perspective since his fall, tells Lucy that in a way, he is the one responsible for the monster. While exploring the Monster's cave, he heard the same heavy breathing monstrosities before the tide turned and he dove to safety through a narrow fissure. Out of pity for the creature, he left it fish, then met scraps. "All these years," shoulders Lucy, "you've been feeding this—whatever it is!"

The monster takes a long time to climb the stairs up to the top of the lighthouse which he will eventually throw the old man off of. That's called suspense.



With so many stories of badgering doored to him, this is the last way THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS can get a hand in the world. Incidentally, THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS appears frequently on TV. That's called depressing.

The Monster's talking shadow appears across Lucy's bedroom window as the strips for bed. The Monster breaks into the house and abducts the girl. Stunes bars down an old can, goading the Monster to chase him up the tower steps while Lucy runs for help. Stunes barricades the entrance to the outside, but the Monster breaks through and flings him to the rocks below. Fred repels the Monster with a flashlight, ordering Lucy to switch on the beacon. Totally blinded, the Monster loses his balance and the final blow. Fred's shotgun butt causes it to plunge over the edge.

Of the players, all of whom are good, John Harmon as Stunes stands out. A bit

A symbolic confrontation takes place between the monster and the old man. The old man is keeping him alive. But even though the old man was responsible for the monster's survival, the monster kills him anyway. That's called scary.

performer usually cast as assorted weaklings, Harmon takes us into the unbearable world of a man cut off from society by professional requirements and out of his/her/other life from past grief, who is cut off that from which he lets himself live next door to a hideous thing that could any night destroy him in his sleep. Consciously or unconsciously, he regards the deadly monster as

truly inefficacious to appear as a fellow outcast driven to sink deeper into the labyrinth of loneliness. When Lucy mentions "heavy breathing" and Harmon freezes in his rocking chair, the chill of reality unfades or unrealized into home.

Harmon's dialogue describing his tenuous relationship with the Monster is an eloquent synopsis of Stunes' tortured life style and is the only opportunity for Stunes and Lucy to regain their closeness, before the beast physically invades the realm of his alienated benefactor and sets out to rape his most valuable possession.

Les Tremayne and Forrest Lewis as Doc Jorgenson and Constable Marion are both veterans of the vintage years of radio. Tremayne, no stranger to theater trains and commercial voice-overs, was "The Whistler" of radio and TV fame. Bluster Lewis, a stocky mumbull cop in the contemporary Disney fantasies on "I Love a Mystery," initiated Peter Lorre's voice so convincingly his name had to be credited on the air to distinguish between the two of them.

Don Sullivan, a rather agreeable young man who was the teenage hero in a number of cheapie duds that still remain nameless (Not by us, boy won't—they were THE GIANT GILA MONSTER and TEENAGE ZOMBIES—Etc.) was adequate as Fred.

Director Irwin Berwick, whose judgment in select crosscutting and economically devised camera setups made the hour and twelve minutes go by like a breeze, achieved a compatible marriage of dialogue scenes and visual shorthand. Instead of letting the Keween monster parade all over every scene after an allotted length of token building up, Berwick chose to reveal the Monster gradually—first a claw, then an arm, followed by his silhouette gliding across the walls of houses, lighted buildings on a deserted street—just for the benefit of the Monster's face,帆帆 and horrendous, at the door of Lucy's room.

Berwick's son, Wayne, responded well to his dad's direction as the handicapped Jimmy. Under the freight car was an intrepid fellow named Pete Dunn who, perhaps as a job as well as to save money, doubled as the ill-fated Eddie. Every half hour, he had to remove the "breath-taking" costume or artifacts.

THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS appears from time to time on late afternoon "thriller" programs with such regularity that the *New York Times* TV critic for the regional circuits tends to ignore "him again." All in all, the movie is a beautifully called "cult" picture although my personal admiration for this showcase for Keween's Knowing Creature is largely psychological. Certainly there have been more violent, more bloodthirsty films—which today seem to constitute the majority—ones with more overtly or deliberately evil settings, yet THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS is always the one I think of when my mind sifts through the hundreds of horror movies I have seen and the question is raised to me "What's the scariest one you ever saw?"



"You dirty bums!" snarls Roache Ross. "You got my brothers Willard and Ben but you won't gonna get me!" This scene, which resembles a typical Fox City fantasy, is actually from one of the Perry Rhodan pulps. Looks like a jolt for Roache Ross...



PULP ADVENTURE STILL

LIVES!

(In Germany)

THE RHODAN REPORT

DWIGHT R. DECKER

A long time ago, when American kids were considered young, innocent and patriotic, there were no comic books to rot their minds. Strange as it may now seem, back in the 1920's and 30's, no all-American boy could walk to a newsstand and read a comic book.

What he could read, however, was a fat, oversized paperback, commonly called a "pulp magazine." They told the exciting adventures of such American heroes as Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Spider, The Avenger and Fu-Manchu. These pulps, unfortunately, went down the same drain as did innocence and patriotism, and an American newsstand hasn't carried pulp magazines in many a year.

Germany, on the other hand, has no comic books, so they rely on pulps to keep their young, innocent and patriotic kids in line. And the chief hero of the German pulps is a fellow by the name of Perry Rhodan, who has recently made his way to America via the paperback route. In its never-ending quest for world-wide coverage, TMT's German Bureau Chief, Dr. Dwight Ronson Decker, filed this report on Perry and his pals.

Pulp novel.

Say it! "PULP NOVEL!" What's a pulp novel? Don't be ashamed if you don't know—it only means you're less than forty years old. Pulp novels were what your father had to hide from the teacher in the days before comics. The teacher undoubtedly thought those awful, cheap pulp novels would not be sensitive, delicate mind.

Even if pulp novels did not fit his mind, he probably enjoyed them anyway. Pulp novels were monthly (I sometimes bi-weekly) magazines usually featuring imaginative, exciting newsletters of high adventure. Westerns, crime stories, space adventure epics—they were all there on the overcrowded newsstands.

They're almost all gone now, and what few remain are no longer recognizable as the old blood 'n' thunder story magazines they once were. They're trying to be respectable. Some of the old pulp heroes are still around, though, being reprinted in paperback, DOC SAVAGE, G-8 & HIS BATTLE ACES, THE SHADOW, the SPIDER. But even though no new pulp novels are being written, just pronouncing the name (which refers to the rather poor grade of paper on which they were printed) evokes all kinds of images of free-wheeling fantasy and adventure. The kind of thing that isn't being written these days.

Some say the comics killed the pulps—too long to read a DOC SAVAGE when you could polish off a SUPERMAN in no time. It's a good theory, and made all the more credible by one fact—the one major European country with no comics industry to speak of is cranking out pulp novels!

CAN'T BEAT THOSE BLOODY PULPS

That's right—those old bloody pulps, thought dead in this country for three decades, are still alive and kicking (and puching and bawling) in West Germany. The newsstands are loaded with multi-color "pamphlet novel" (as the Germans call them) covers, announcing series adventure fiction dealing with doctors, lovers, cowboys, detectives, spies... and yes, science-fiction. They're not quite as flamboyant as the old American pulp novels of the thirties

—they're a little smaller (about 6" X 9"), generally run only 64 pages, and are printed on thinner, better-quality paper,

Perry Rhodan

der Erbe des Universums



Here's a sample cover from a Perry Rhodan pulp novel. The book is nearly three feet long... but soon as it's read, you can bet he'll get down fast!

If the American pulp novel had stayed afloat, its product might today resemble the German.

In any event, the Germans seem to like to read about Americans. A good chunk of the spines and detective in their "pamphlet novels" are Yanks. Jerry Colton, for example, is an FBI Agent. Space Ace Rex Cordic started out as an American Senator, was elected President of the United States in passing, and

stepped right on up to big guy as President of the World. No telling when he would have gone if his enemies hadn't died. Most surprising is *Die Schwarze Fleißerwass* (THE BLACK BAT), a Chicago crimebuster who dresses up in a bat-suit to fight crime, not only is the character supposed to be American, he's American. The German series of weekly BLACK BAT adventures is borrowed outright in every detail, though updated, from the American BLACK BAT that ran in BLACK BOOK DETECTIVE for fourteen years beginning in 1939.

Another "American" hero is PERRY RHODAN. "The He To The Universe," as he's billed in German.

If you're reading this at the newsstand, take a look over at the paperback racks. (Or if you're sitting in the comfort of your room, surrounded by your comic book stacks and the *Frazetta* posters on your walls, bounce on down to the friendly neighborhood newsstand where you buy *TMT* and *Superman*.) You'll probably see at least one or more of the fourteen different now-a-days American paperback reprints of PERRY RHODAN. Some even have covers by TMT's own Gray Morrow, so you won't have a bit of trouble spotting them.

If you've read any of the reprints, you know that the American edition is edited by Forrest J. Ackerman, who is well-known in the monster and SF fields. You also know that the title character is Major Perry Rhodan, an American astronaut who met up with some shipwrecked aliens on the Moon. After making a deal with the aliens and borrowing their immensely advanced technology, Rhodan returned to earth to stop the various power blocs from blowing each other up. That taken care of, Rhodan and his friends have set off into interstellar space to carve out a galactic empire for the United Earth. All

manner of adventures in deepest space are waiting for him. Is it literature? Hardly. Is it science fiction? Well, it's not Henson or Asimov!

It's space opera! The rocket's red glare and all that. Mutants, monsters, and madmen. You don't worry about it being realistic or probable, you just relax and enjoy it. It's fun, and that's what the pulps were all about.

Is it successful? You better believe it! Just listen to this:

HAD TO LAUGH

"When the series was started in 1961, we had to laugh at the optimism of Karl-Heinz Scheer, one of Perry Rhodan's co-creators, who maintained that the series would reach its 100th issue. The publishing company regarded Perry Rhodan as an experiment that might run thirty issues at the most. But, then came Perry Rhodan . . ." This statement was published on the "Reader Contact Page" (in other words, the letter column) in the 409th weekly issue of PERRY RHODAN. When I left Europe in the middle of June of this year, the old boy was already past #550 and still going strong.

By American standards, a success on this scale is really something to talk about. Not even DOC SAVAGE or THE SHADOW published so many issues. It also suggests that Farry's going to have to be going some to reprint everything. He's up to his fourteenth book now, VENUS IN DANGER, which is a reprint of VENUS IN GLEIAH, PERRY RHODAN pulp novel #20.

Even if your English teacher isn't going to like PERRY RHODAN, your math teacher is. If the German publishers continue to publish a new PERRY RHODAN adventure at the rate of one a week, and if Farry continues to publish a new reprint at the rate of one a month, how long will it take Farry to catch up, assuming that at the beginning of the problem the Germans are at #550 and Farry is at #20, and further assuming Farry skips or condenses one out of every five adventures? (Answer: next level—Ed.)

That's also assuming Farry ignores everything else that's ever been written about Perry Rhodan and, over the space of eleven years, there's been quite a lot. Perry's been a spectacular success even by German standards, and Moewig, the name of his publisher, has played the good major for everything he's worth.

Under the watchful eye of the publisher more than 600 Perry Rhodan fan clubs have been formed, and conventions of Rhodan-fans (Rhod-fans? Rhodians?) are commonplace. A

second-string hero in the Rhodan series, Atlan, got his own magazine and has run over fifty issues chronicling his adventures, which are intertwined with the Rhodan series itself. Further, nearly 100 paperback books have been published which deal with the Rhodan characters and mythos. These books are not reprints of the magazines, but original novels in their own right.

All told, 25 million words have been written about Major Rhodan.

Putting it another way, that means you've got a 51,000 page supernovel in front of you if you get hooked on it, like thousands of Germans already have.

PERRY AND THE PULP WRITERS

Of course, not even the legendary American pulp writers, who are reported to have been able to sit down at their typewriters and write whole novels in days, could have turned out PERRY RHODAN on an individual basis. No one writer could have written so much in even eleven years or have followed the rule of a galaxy-spanning empire in such detail. Rhodan has been the product of a whole team of writers, under the direction of his two creators, K.H. Scheer and "Clark Darlton" (real name, Walter Ernsting). Scheer is generally given credit as chief editor and the man responsible for working out the plot-outlines which the

"Think fast!"
screams Roland the Robot,
about to smash
poor Perry
with a meat-holds cover.
"Hooy . . ."
shouts Perry plaintfully.
"Please, no grubs,
the robots ate . . .
and then
they turn around
and do something
like this!



Even the West Germans worship an American hero! They, of all people, should know better.

other writers flesh out into stories.

Suppose you came in late on the regular PERRY RHODAN series? How do you find out what went on in the earlier adventures? If you're German, you need the reprints. Each week you can find alongside the new adventure the second and third reprint series, which are republished in consecutive order, running 234 and 321 issues behind the new stories

respectively. It's a good idea to pick up on these, since the whole series is one vast continuing story.

There has been some talk of a fourth printing which would be rewritten in some respects. In the first issue, Major Rhodan was clearly identified as the first man to land on the Moon, and it was stated he did so in 1971. That sounded great in 1961, but history caught up with science fiction a little too fast. The proposal has been made that in the fourth printing the first stories be altered to suggest that Rhodan was not the first man on the Moon, but merely the first one to get there via atomic rocket, and at some unspecified date. Nothing recently has been heard about a fourth printing, and apparently the project has been shelved.

Meanwhile, Rhodan's adventures are now appearing in Holland, France, Japan, and the United States. Rhodan-readers will know why the series ought to go over very well in Japan!

The mark of success for the German pulp hero is to be made into a movie, and Perry Rhodan's status symbol is "SOS FRIDM DUTER SPACE." To date, however, it is the only Rhodan movie ever made, while Jerry Cotten, Kommissar X, and others in the spy/detective mold have all merit several. Perhaps it costs too much to make a convincing sci-fi flick—certainly the special effects in the Rhodan movie had the look of being done with Dinky Toys in a sandbox. The filmmakers took rather drastic liberties with the plotlines set up in the test stories and replaced the political and military maneuvering, and the invasions from space so frequent in the first stories, with . . . gangsters.

The publishers than assigned one of their own writers (Ernsting) to write a novelized version of the screenplay. The resulting book resembles the original series only by accident, which shows German publishers are as quick as those anywhere else to capitalize on a good thing, even if the good thing is warped beyond recognition.

The movie itself can be occasionally seen on American late-night TV under the name MISSIDE: STARDUST. It is probably worth watching only for Swedish actress Easy Person, who wears a pretty tight space-costume.

HE OUGHTTA BE IN PICTURES

Even with all this exposure, Moewig Publishing decided that a Perry Rhodan comic book would sell, too. The result was PERRY RHODAN IN PICTURES, which resold the first Rhodan adventures in comic form. The art was good, even if the stories read like how CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED would have adapted PERRY RHODAN. It was an interesting experiment, especially in Germany. West Germany has very few original comics—most comics available on the stands are bedridden translated editions of American, French, and Italian imports. With the exception of the same company's FBI AGENT BRUCE CABOT COMICS, which didn't last long, PERRY RHODAN's comic was the only German adventure comic in existence.

It lasted only about twenty-four issues, and was replaced with Perry. Rhodan is notable for two innovations in the comic field: one is a hairy psychological drawing-style of Kane and Boscana, swipes mixed in explosions of color and twisted panel shapes that positively defy reading, and the other innovation is naked ladies in comic strip.

Perry's readers have complained about the naked girls, complaining they cheapen the comic. (Censorship is not an issue—even the most respectable magazines in Germany run photographs of naked girls on their covers. The twelve-year-old German boy who sees a drawing of a naked girl in Perry is seeing nothing he hasn't seen a full-color photograph of naked girls on the cover of STEIN, the German counterpart to the American LIFEJ.) The editors answered the complaints in the letter-column with a sort of typographical shug, saying they personally would rather look at pictures of pretty girls than at pictures of space-battalions.

But if space-battalions are what make you tick, and if you'd like to get on the start of what's been a thrilling German readers for eleven years now, you're cordially invited down to your friendly newsdealer's, where you can pick up some of the Aon Books editions of PERRY RHODAN.

And no doubt your newsdealer still thinks he hasn't sold pulp novels in thirty years!

No, this isn't a sketch of Tricky Dick Nixon picking another new cabinet member. It's just a four-armed alien in a space suit . . . the new alien members are much smaller than this.



The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT

No. 1, Collector's Edition (\$10, Eng., Eng.), \$1. Monsters premiere issue, containing reviews of the movies *KONG*, *ROSEFRATU*, and *GER GOLEM*. Also, *THE GHOULS*, art by Berni Wrightson and Gary Morris, a review of *THINGS TO COME* and a special treatment of *Buck Rogers*.



No. 2, *STAR TREK* Special, \$2. A special issue dedicated to all aspects of *STAR TREK*, The *Star Trek* Saga, The *ENTERPRISE*'s greatest missions, an interview with Capt. Kirk, the first steps of the *ENTERPRISE*, *STAR TREK* comic, and a special parody, *STAR YECCH! Star Trek Lives!*



No. 3, *GIANT BUGS* on the Moon, \$1. Our all-new issue. Review of the great bug movie, *THIRI*, bug-heads in the comics, *Mushroom Monsters*, part two of *KONG's SAVIOURS*, and *THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS* by H.G. Wells. Plus, a full *Buck Rogers* comic strip and a tremendous *Kong* centfold.



No. 4, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, \$1. A great issue, with a review of *FRANKENSTEIN*, an interview with the pulp, comic book's *GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW*, and *E.C.* comic, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*. Plus the fan emblem *Horror flicks* of 1971, *DRACULA* goes to court and *Jeff Jones* comic art in color.



No. 5, *CREATURE*, Featured, \$1. An all biography and chronology of the cult and only *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*. Also, an exclusive interview with Joe Kubert, author-artiste-elder of the comic book, a review of *THE LIVING DEAD*, a review of the *STAR TREK* comic, *ESQUIRE's* new hot comic, *Jeff Jones* comic.



No. 6, *ZOMBIES* on Parade, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies plus the *ASTRO ZOMBIES* and *THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*. A human on zombie in the comic, a review of Berni Wrightson's *BADTIME STORIES*, and a *Don Green* zombie strip. Plus, a perfectly foul zombie centfold.



No. 8, *HAMMERS* Hammer, \$2. All Hammer, All Horror! An exclusive interview with Chris Lee, the *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF* comic strip, *THE HORROR OF DRACULA* comicbook, The Hammer Checklist, The Beulah of the Beast and much more. Horror galore!



No. 9, *SCI-FI* Special, \$2. *THIS ISLAND, EARTH*, 2001, *A SPACE ODYSSEY*, *Fiesta*, *Gender* and *Buck Rogers*, so-fu in the comic, a *Star Trek* centfold, so-fu reviews, and, *introducing: THE SPACE GIANTS!*



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No. 12, *GORGEOUS GORGON*, \$1. Special issue containing *Gorgon* comicbook and centfold. Part Two of *BLOOD* series, *Behind The Pictures* of *The Apes*, *BEEM*, *Stronko's History of Conan* and much more in a grab bag special.



No. 13, *SPIDER MAN* SPECIAL. Interview with *Spider-Man* art, poems on *SPIDER-MAN*, *Alien*, *Mountain Man*, *Goofy*, *Doc Philes*, *Carnive Wild Women*, more from the *BLOOD* books, and a special review on *COMIC CONE*, also *LIFO*, a new T.V. show.



No. 14, *THE WOLFMAN*, \$1. Complete *WOLFMAN* comicbook. Plus, *Conquest*, interview, *Goddard's* 1st *TMT* column, *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES*, *Behind the Scenes* of *SILENT RUNNING*, *FROG*, and the debut of *The Morel* comic.



No. 15, *VALLEY OF GWENDI*, \$1. Spectacular features and centerfold of the ever-popular *Valley of the Geogogi*. Also included is a survey of *Geogogi* in the comic, review of a *Lovercraft* feature and *Plant Monsters*. Plus, interview with Alfred Hitchcock, *Stalactite*, *Godzilla* and *Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*.



No. 16, *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*, \$1. Special issue containing *Mighty Joe* for *President*. To celebrate, there's a *GOOSEBILLY FOR PRESIDENT* centfold. *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG* has to say is our feature story, *review of *Phase Magazine**, *Or. Finkes* makes a comeback and a bunch of other good things in another award bug issue.



No. 17, *SUPER SCI-FI*, \$1. The second issue features *TMT* centfold. Features on *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, *FLASH GORDON*, *HERITAGE* and *ASYLUM*. Also, interview is an interview with *Star Trek*, a review of the *WORLD SCI-FI CONVENTION*, *THE MYS-TEMIANS*, plus strip, *S-F* guide and *Robbie the Robot* centfold. A *REALLY GREAT ISSUE!*

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THE MONSTER TIMES
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I enclose \$ for the issues indicated. Please rush this order for me right away!

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For those of you who haven't noticed, Seymour, that self-proclaimed Master of the Macabre and Fiend of the Freeways, has not appeared in TMT over the past few issues. We have, however, undergone a severe lapse of taste and are once again turning this space over to him. But before we get into Seymour's column this issue, we'd like to ask all of our readers who don't remember who he is to please raise their paws. Well... that seems to make it unanimous.

"Nobody up here
likes me . . ."

SEYMOUR!

THE SINISTER SURGEON OR IT CAME FROM THE A.M.A!

Hello Fringies, this is Seymour here, Master of the Macabre, Epitome of Evil, the most sinister man ever to crawl on all fours across the rib-ravaged face of the earth, and I'm here, once again, to tell you about west coast operations.

But before I go any further, I'd like to answer some cards and letters I've received inquiring about the Seymour column, or lack of it, in the past couple of issues of TMT.

Well, here's your answer, Fringies. I went on vacation. I took a trip across the country and back, stopping in such swell places as Seymour, Texas and made a personal appearance at the local drive-in theater and can were lined up for miles around waiting to get in the theater.

Now, where was I... oh, yes, we were talking about west coast operations... and speaking of operations, last week I performed one right on my show. It was a vocal chord mis-en-performed on my announced, Enjeksi. Ever since I hired him, I've been bugged by his abrasive, raspy voice. So I decided to do something about it. Here's a couple of pages out of the script and you Fringies can read for yourself (have a friend help you with the big words that happened).

CUT TO: (Film Segment 5 9:18)

PROPS: Open table, various tools, cap and gown, a book called SURGERY MADE SIMPLE, set of teeth, banjo

AUDIO: "Operation Music."

(Open on operating table, Seymour enters dressed as doctor)

First Offscreen Voice: Doctor, I've got a little pain in my neck.

Seymour: Take two aspirin and go to bed.

Second Offscreen Voice: Doctor, I'm running a temperature of 110 degrees. I'm constantly coughing and haven't eaten for a week.

Seymour: Take two aspirin and go to bed.

Third Offscreen Voice (Gas): Doctor, my whole body aches and I don't know what to do.



SEYMOUR poses with screenwriter Del Patti, celebrated author of the upcoming horror film, DR. DEATH.

While we might not agree with everything SEYMOUR says, we've got to admit that he's looking more fraticle by the day.

Step One: Be sure patient is unconscious. (TAKES OUT LARGE NEEDLE, JABS PATIENT).

Offscreen Voice: Ouch!!

Seymour: (TAKES OUT HAMMER, HITS HIM ON HEAD)

AUDIO: GONG

Seymour: Step two: Vocal chords are located in throat and can be reached through mouth. Well, I know that. (PHONY TEETH CLOSE ON SEYMOUR'S FINGERS)

AUDIO: SNAP

Seymour: (LOOKS AT TEETH). They were in the way anyway.

However, don't despair yet. Later on in the show a most unusual thing happened... a delivery boy dressed all in green—that's green hat, shirt, and pants—came on the show and...

CUT #9

PROPS: THE MONSTER TIMES, ZIT MAKER, FLOWER

Seymour: Gee, that was a swell move, everybody ends up with someone David and Linda are going back to San Francisco, Blaine and Brutus are walking to Hawaii, and I've still got Eugene. Next week's film is..... Now here's a little scene

AUDIO: OLD TIME MOVIE MUSIC

Seymour: Was that a song, indeed that was a song.

AUDIO: DOOR KNOCK

Delivery Boy: (SEYMOUR GOES TO THE WALL). Here's your copy of THE MONSTER TIMES personally delivered to your wall.

Seymour: That's unusual, a throwaway newspaper delivered by an elf...

Delivery Boy: You might notice the article you're writing, Seymour.

Seymour: Of course, now I remember, you mean the MONSTER TIMES, the world's first horror newspaper for which I, Seymour, write a column from time to time every once in a while, thank you for delivering the paper and allow me to give you a hearty handshake (TURNS TO CAMERA, PLACES ZIT MAKER IN HAND). Watch this. (TURNS TO SHAKE HANDS).

AUDIO: ZIT, ZIT...

Delivery Boy: (SHOOTS WATER AT SEYMOUR FROM PHONY FLOWER, AND THEN EXITS)

AUDIO: TINY LAUGHS

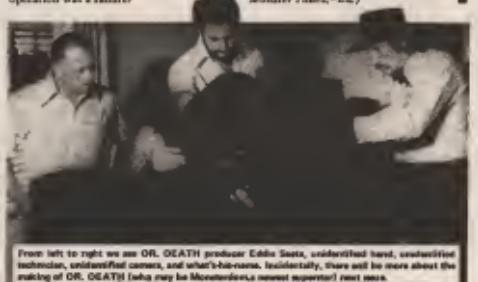
Seymour: I never did trust those flower children. And now before I take that dread sjojum into the world that lies out there behind the slimiest of walls, this is SEYMOUR saying the next time someone tells you that you get nasty when you drink, punch him right in the nose!! RAZZ... AND BAD EVENING. (EXITS THROUGH SLIMY WALL)

AUDIO: THEME AND ROLL CREDITS

Step three: Using scalpel, carefully adjust vocal chords to desired pitch. Note: Do not confuse vocal chords with pharynx or larynx which are located in the same area. Step four: Having completed this with the screws, gently return the patient's vocal chords to their proper place. Step five: With needle and thread, suture together any loose openings. Except the patient's mouth, of course. (SEYMOUR HAS OBVIOUSLY SEWN UP THE MOUTH, THEN CUTS IT APART). Then, firmly compact up any mistakes you have made.

Step six: Now clean all instruments, replace them in doctor's bag... and while the patient is still unconscious, make out his bill. (STARTS TO FIGURE BILL). Parts and labor... \$500, consultation... \$250, anesthesia... \$300, etc. FADE OUT

Well, how did you like that... you didn't. You probably don't understand the big words and that's why you didn't like it. Anyhow, it doesn't matter, the operation was a failure?



From left to right we are DR. DEATH producer Eddie Scott, unidentified band, unidentified technician, unidentified camera, and what's-his-name. Incidentally, there are no more about the making of DR. DEATH (who may be *Macabre*'s newest supervillain) next issue.

Crawling out from his cramped and cobwebbed crypt with another lively scoop is TMT's moldy Media Editor R. Allen Leider. This time our roving editor—who, by the way, has been looking more lifelike every day—has all the inside info on what may finally be a worthy successor to Hammer Films' 1958 vampire classic, *THE HORROR OF DRACULA*. Entitled *DRACULA A.D. 1972*, this sequel ties the Count in to the Carnaby Street crowd and all kinds of madness and mayhem ensue. We'd also like to thank R. Allen for his tireless pursuit of this scoop, a remarkable achievement for a man in his condition. Like the sign over Mr. Leider's crypt points out: You don't have to be dead to work here... but it certainly helps.

In an election year anything can happen—including the ultimate revenge of the Prince of Darkness, Dracula. So it happens that a young, indistinct descendant of the gory Count from Transylvania—er, Johnny Alucard, by name—corrupts black magic at night and releases his grand-grand grand-dad from his prison cell to get his revenge on the descendants of the vanquished—er, Van Helsing family. Now, as any fool knows, Alucard is Dracula spelled backwards. (If you're not a fool yourself, send out for one and he'll explain it to you—Ed.) so we can expect some chills from not one but two Draculas in this super-horror flick the folks at Hammer Films have conjured up for a post-Halloween treat.

Johnny Alucard (CHRISTOPHER NEAME) is a teen-rock mod-swinger type who swaps with a with-it crew of counterculture Londoners, one of whom happens to be Jessie Van Helsing (STEPHANIE BEACHAM) the great-granddaughter of the original Prof. Van Helsing who, you may recall, dispatched Count Dracula back to the netherworld in the *HORROR OF DRACULA* in what was the most spectacular vampire

DRACULA A.D. 1972



"Fly me to Transylvania ... or else!"
Actress Caroline Munro scores a likely recruit to join the nosferatu vampire's ranks. Caroline's feathered, undistressed outfit, incidentally, was fashioned by Jackie Broad of the Hammer wardrobe department... see what you know in the *Monster Times*!



disintegration scene ever. I can still see, and quite vividly, Christopher Lee crumbling into dust in glorious technicolor. But Dracula (CHRISTOPHER LEE again) has other memories of that day. He has bad nightmares about it, and has slept nothing but revenge ever since. Johnny gets the kids into his basement and soon there is a vampire cult within the teen community. The local Scotland Yard inspector (MICHAEL COLE) is baffled by the strange murders that soon occur, but the son of Van Helsing (PETER CUSHING) is not. He takes a quick refresher course in vampirism—as it was written—and he does not recognize the date to London and his grand-daughter, who is being swept up in the ever-growing wick-ed Johnny Alucard in recruiting his illustrious relative. Meanwhile, Drac himself flits about London sampling some of the blue blood in the vicinity, particularly that belonging to Mamba Hunt and Caroline Munro.

The fellow we have to thank for this delicious horror treat is screenwriter Dan Houghton. Tightly written and magnificently acted, *DRACULA A.D.*

1972 begins slowly and builds up to a terrific climax with Van Helsing and Dracula engaged in hand-to-hand combat in the loft of an ancient London church. Director Terence Fisher and cameraman Douglas Sloane joined forces to make this TIME Gothic vampire film of the year. The usual A-1 technical quality we expect and given from Hammer films is present, as well as a tense musical score by Michael Vickers. Lee Bowie's special effects are also a definite plus for the film, which brings the Dracula legend to our very doorstep. Is... is that a knock at your door now?

Meanwhile, the folks at Warner Bros., who missed the film in this country, gave us more than just a horror film with *DRACULA A.D. 1972*. There is also a prelude to the film in which a relative of Dracula, clad in black cape and all the other evil accoutrements of his trade, seems at the members of the audience into the Dracula Society, which certainly represents a first in audience involvement. It also demonstrates that *DRACULA A.D. 1972* does not discriminate—it's intended for those viewers who aren't already vampires, too.

I talked with Christopher Lee on the Pinewood Studios set in London last spring during the filming of **NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT**, the first film produced by his own production company, Charlemagne Productions Ltd. I wanted to know what Chris thought about his frequent portrayals of the thirsty Count Dracula—and his answers were revealing. Incidentally, the remainder of our conversation will be appearing in a future issue of **TMT**. But now let's let Chris do the talking.

TMT Do you find yourself constantly being identified as Count Dracula?

CL It's now one of the parts I play as far as the audience is concerned. Those people who identify me with Dracula and the name or connection with mine are... I don't know... after me.

TMT Don't you get letters from fans who only know you as the Count?

CL Oh, yes, but this is only much in the minority. Out of all the letters I get, and I estimate that I receive between ten and fifteen thousand letters a year on the average, and I can point out that that is an average over fifteen years in films, so you get some idea of how much mail I get... anyway, out of all that mail, I would say probably less than five percent refers specifically to Dracula. The other 95%... and this is just from youngsters,

WE DARE YOU TO TAKE PART IN THE HORROR RITUAL

The Count is back, with an eye for London's hotpants... and a taste for everything.



You actually participate in this occult initiation. YOU are transported into the mysterious world of THE COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY. YOU will receive an



Invitation membership card to this exclusive group. YOU will probably be expected to pay \$3 for this. Oh well...

Dracula descendant Johnny Alvarado (CHRISTOPHER MEADE) comes on the family tradition as he prepares to sink his fangs into still another nubile victim.

"Where next?" ponders the Count, contemplating his leap inland from his sun-drenched lair in Peter Cushing, playing Hammer's perennial kidnapper Van Helsing—who you can't see as Dracula's love interest. That's what we agree. But don't worry: As Christopher Lee himself so eloquently put it: "I'm not dead yet."

teenagers and adults, of all nationalities... 95% of them say basically the same thing. They say, "We like your work as an actor." Some even go into great detail and name all the pictures they've seen. They do not say, except on rare occasions, "I only know you and like you as Count Dracula."

TMT How many times have you played

LEE That's the thing. I've only played Dracula six times. That's six films out of our hundred and ten. This is what the press is constantly getting wrong. They do this because the Hammer pictures are the most successful pictures of their type to ever come out of this country.

TMT Doesn't this type casting from the media detract from your playing Dracula?

LEE Certainly not. I just finished my sixth film, **DRACULA A.D. 1972**. I enjoy any part that's good. I'm an actor. Nothing more, nothing less. Every actor at some point is identified with a role. I don't care if it's Humphrey Bogart in an old trench coat... you know what I mean... they are identified with the sort of thing... it becomes their press image. I have no objection to this... I've not died yet. But I want people to remember that I am an actor.

I'm sure the readers of **THE MONSTER TIMES** will have no trouble keeping that fact in mind. For Christopher Lee is not only an actor but one of the most admired by fantasy film fans everywhere.

■ RAL



THE 1ST. ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL

When we first approached ourselves with the idea of running the first, comprehensive, all-inclusive, official monster movie poll, we have to admit that our initial response was rife with skepticism and doubt. But we were not to be turned away so easily, it seemed and finally we gave in to our increasingly insistent demands and so here it is... the FIRST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL. So put your pen in claw and get ready to cast your votes in an election that really counts...

Now that the elections have come and gone again, we cordially invite all MTM readers to turn their minds from that horror and participate in something that really matters. Get yourself a pen or pencil or (if you must) a black crayon, sit down, relax, and cast your votes in THE FIRST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL. Now you can let everyone know who your favorites are and you can compare your choices with those of other fans all across the nation.

We realize that there are numerous ways to conduct such an affair and that there will always be some dissatisfied fiend around to voice his disapproval. Still, we have arrived at what we consider to be the fairest, most comprehensive sort of arrangement. Simply, rather than conduct the usual 10 best list, we have divided the personalities of monsterdom into the respective categories to which they belong. This way the competition will not only be keener, but more realistic as well. For instance, is it really fair or meaningful to pit such greats as Frankenstein, King Kong, and Godzilla against each other? For while you certainly might have a preference for one of them, it does make more sense to pit King Kong, say, against those of his own type—such as Mighty Joe Young, Kong, or even (Godzilla forbid!) his own son. If you still feel the same way about Kong, you can still give him all the credit he deserves, without slighting Frankenstein or Godzilla. What's more, unlike the Miss America Beauty Pageant (and do you realize that in Russia they don't even have a Miss American Pageant?), this contest provides the opportunity to acknowledge not only the best or most popular, but also those films which maybe to a lesser degree have still managed to capture your interest and enthusiasm.

Isn't it fun to live in the *free* world??



GODZILLA
★★★ FOR ★★★
PRESIDENT

Continued on next page

by Allan Brundman

Now, for a look at the rules. As you can see, there are 25 categories contained herein, and each category includes anywhere from 3 to 8 candidates from which you may choose your favorite. There is also allotted 15 points for you to distribute in whichever way you choose. Take the following example:

Favorite	Points	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	10	SON OF KONG
	4	KING KONG
		mighty JOE YOUNG
		KONGA
		WHITE-IN

We see from the above that this particular fan has selected King Kong as his favorite (by checking the space at the extreme left), but has also given credit to the other apes by dividing his 15 points into 10 for Kong, 4 for Mighty Joe Young, 1 for Son of Kong (and Konga receives none). Note also the space marked "WHITE-IN," which is specifically designed for those of you not fully satisfied with the candidates we have provided. In that space you may place any film which you so desire—so long as it fits into the category (please don't commit such a blasphemy as including a creature the likes of *The Blob* under the heading *HALL OF GREAT APES*. Kong wouldn't take very kindly to that). The write-in candidate can receive as many of your points as you wish, and can be picked as your favorite as well if you like. So if some poor, misguided fan writes in *WHITE PONGO* (an 1845 opus about a white ape) as his favorite ape film, his choice will be duly recorded. REMEMBER: You have only 15 points per category, so use 'em wisely and well.

The results of this monumental poll will be tallied as soon as possible (allowing plenty of time for all of you to vote) and printed in an upcoming issue of *TMT*. And, just to add a little extra incentive, a winner will be chosen, based on a random drawing from all the entries received. That lucky individual will receive A COMPLETE SET OF MONSTER TIMES book issues, each and every one of them, and a MONSTER TIMES MONSTER BOOK BOX to keep them in—a million dollar value for nothing! So be sure and get busy right away... cast your votes, slip out the pass (page numbers 13, 14, 19 and 20) and send it along to us. BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS and, please, just one entry per person.

And now, on with the Poll...

PART 1 LARGER THAN LIFE MONSTERS



1. LEAPING LIZARDS

- THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS: The lizard really dug his City-of-Death up and Coney Island.
- THE GIANT REHOMOTH: TBS' *Terapodion*. London, London *terapodion* TBS.
- GORGO: What more can a mother do to show her son that she loves him? Sorry, London, it's your turn again.
- GODZILLA: *Smash!* *Smash!*... Ied on a diet of Tokyo sashimi, he's still the master to beat... The King!
- GIGANTIS: "Don't make me laugh!" says Mr. G. Zilla. "I wouldn't even want an oxygen destroyer on her."
- THE BEAST FROM HOLLOW EARTH: *Smash!* *Smash!* Sorry, King Kong could slay himself to be outshined by Guy Madison.
- 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH: The strange looking fellow from Venus must have really eaten his Wheaties to grow so much.
- THE VALLEY OF GWANGI: The rest of this *Wild West* show could easily put the cowboy to shame.

Write-in

4. SPACESHIPS AND INVASIONS

- THE DAY THE EARTH STOPPED: Usually intelligent & exciting.
- IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE: Unusually intelligent & unexciting.
- EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS: Intelligent, but it's not in the same category as earth should have had this time out.
- INVADERS FROM MARS: Strictly for kids, not adults.
- INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS: Ever hear of the word "parasite"? If not, look it up.
- IT CONQUERED THE WORLD: At least it's not a bore.
- WAR OF THE WORLDS: H.G. Wells would be proud.
- THIS ISLAND EARTH: Takes a while getting there, but it's worth it.



5. UP FROM THE GARDEN

- FAVORITE (Points)
- DAY OF THE TRIPPIEDS: Tree beeps with class, they began their own liberation movement.
- NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS: Even the chessies of *Mane-Visa* doesn't look this little apes' which was thoroughly washed in paint.
- THE ENDING: A real shitter which proves that Matt Dillon ain't nothing without his gun.
- ATTACK OF THE MUSHROOM PEOPLE: You won't catch me putting these on my shelf—unless you've got to see them to believe them.
- Write-in

6. STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

- FAVORITE (Points)
- RODAN: The last thing out of Japan since Godzilla, this bird ate the most rubber death.
- THE GIANT CLAW: More like a garage trap than great sweep and learned how to fly.
- THE BIRDS: Hitchcock's frightening fantasy about our new world leaders.
- THE FLYING SERPENT: 71 minutes of pure, unadulterated death.
- Write-in



7. MUISHY MONSTERS

- FAVORITE (Points)
- THE BLOB: Go on 'em, McDowell!
- THE GREEN SLIME: Very sticky business indeed.
- THE H-MAN: The only advantage this Japanese slime has is its lack of dialogue.
- THE CRAWLING EYE: Different, weird, crazy, weird, and a little weird.
- Write-in

8. THE END OF THE WORLD

- FAVORITE (Points)
- THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED: II only it had lasted a day sooner than the first.
- DOCTOR STRANGELOVE: Stanley Kubrick's black comedy delight about military psychosis bent on self-destruction.
- FANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO: Ray Milland freaks out for your viewing pleasure.
- FAILSAFE: In this tense thriller, Howard Da Silva's President is faced with the dilemma of having to bomb his own country or engage in all-out nuclear warfare.
- THE OMEN: Charlton on the max, alive California very, covers face with some nasty reminders of what's to come.
- ON THE REACH: No writer what can't write about Sonny Kerner, this is still a thoughtful, moving commentary on men and the bomb.
- WORLD WITHOUT END: Hoosier for the frosty masterful. Otherwise, an interesting idea ruined by cardboard humans and special effects.
- Write-in

BOOKS



Looking for something different to feast your eyes on?... Something with asserted beauty and a somber bad guy and a sort-of-beauty?... Something with brains, perhaps? And an ancient, decaying civilization with crumpling towers and anatomy characters on the leaves?

Well, Doctor Kenneth Smith has a prescription for you. Just mix a check or Money Order for \$3.00, plus 25¢ for speed, relief to *The Monster Times Bookshelf*, Box 525, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011. If followed properly, this monstrous medication will result in the delivery by a fleshish ghoul (cleverly made-up to resemble your malady) of one copy of *PHANTASMAGORIA* #1.

Therein lies a tale.

It's the recounting of the adventures of one Spazell Dukkus, a dim-witted, dermatoe Drossouse, whose hoard hair is demolished by a falling egg of gorgonians size. Not knowing what else to do with it, he takes the egg to Threnathassos City to sell, and it is in turn taken by the shitter city-bounds. Spazell's egg gets the shitter's repulsive attention, and the two are in a scumble around trying to discover its mysteries, inbetween poaching it from each other. The mayhem that follows is awesome!

The art that illustrates the story is awesome, too. Kenneth Smith is a professional artist whose drawings and paintings have horrified the pages and covers of many a magazine and book of terror and science fiction.

(*PHANTASMAGORIA*'s) pages are PACKED with perfection, each page with a permanent poise. Ken put into this professional project:

So give this shudder goodie a try. It might be just what the Doctor ordered. So here's some descriptions of other prescriptions from Fandom's medicine chest of magazines.

For instance, if you dug the ghoulish going-on in those EC Comics that were gorefilled in the *MONSTER TIMES*#10, you might go stark gressing mad over Dale Henderson's magazine, the *LAIR OF MADNESS* and *WEIRD GRAPHIC FANTASY*, since both magz contain amateur strips in a similar blood-curdling vein.

"Can't we be civilized about this,"
exclaims a semi-intelligent baboon
as Tarzan goes into his *co...-*
"Death and Propriety" house



COMIC SMITH
10-19-70

Extreme, THE LAIR OF MADNESS you have to tip-toe past the moldy old-timer order when being 60-1 and you step out into the future of "WEIRD GRAPHIC" where you never see anything machines and mutants, as well as some far-out frames and their weirdfolk. Another step into the LAIR takes you to Fearly Tale Land where Lil Hed' is up to her hooch in hot water. Then it's back to the future as a fawn as the animal brings you upon some rooster mathys and waged-out manmias in "FRESH THE THOUGHT!" And on the way out you can watch the tables being turned on an outer space game humor in the mag's final strip "Hunted."

WEIRD GRAPHIC FANTASY takes you to the tune of \$1.00, but your extra shekels cover the cost of some full-color strips in red, earthy in the amateur publishing business. Hell Yeaah! An art of "Goddamn" is in the EC tradition of *gargoyles* battle the *REMS* of Kenneth Farn and you know who loses. The use of color really livens up the action. The second color strip also features the future, but this time the law-and-orders are out to get the members of the secret sect of "comme book collection" and everybody loses. Then we plot into the past to glimpse a parody of some of Frank Frazetta's earlier comic strips in "When Dan Branded Met Johnny Thammet" and there's a phony interview with "Blank Vendetta" that's full of the most unlikely. After the barbare history and last strip, they serve as a good example of just how far *WEIRD'S* Lil shoulda Yeaah.

The contents of these two fanzines have been carefully selected to represent some of Fandom's finer talents. And, if you can take the double dose, Dale will dole them out to you for \$1.35-for the pair. Drop your donations to Dale at 216 27th Street, Ogden, Utah 84403. I think you'll be glad you did.

Just a few words about ordering these, or any other, fanzines through the mail. First—eaten though we will only review names of reputable editor, it is advisable NOT to send cash through the mail! Get a money order, write a check, or get someone to write one for you, but don't send cash! Letters DO get lost occasionally and it pays to play it safe. Second—make your checks and money orders payable to the editor (not the name of his magazine). Fanzines are generally produced as a hobby and it is kind of hard to convince a bank teller that your name is "Ray of Moon." Third—Fanzines are often unlettered in a small print run (anywhere from 50 to 3,000 copies) and they occasionally sell out. To save the poor editor from being forced to death for postage to return your order IN CASE he is sold out of the magazine, please enclose a Self-Addressed-Stamped Envelope with your order. We try to only review names we know are available, but we might miss one once in a while. So play it safe, insert an extra 8¢. You'll be notified in advance that your order has been filled, or you'll get your refund. Fourth—when you order, Fourth—please put your name and address and zip code on your order so that the editor won't constantly digging around in his wastebasket trying to locate the return address on the envelope. And, Fifth—mention where you heard about the fanzine. Advertising is a large expense for fanzine publishers and they like to keep track of which ads and plugs do them the most good, order wise.

Happy Fanzine-ing!!

Happy Fanzine-ing

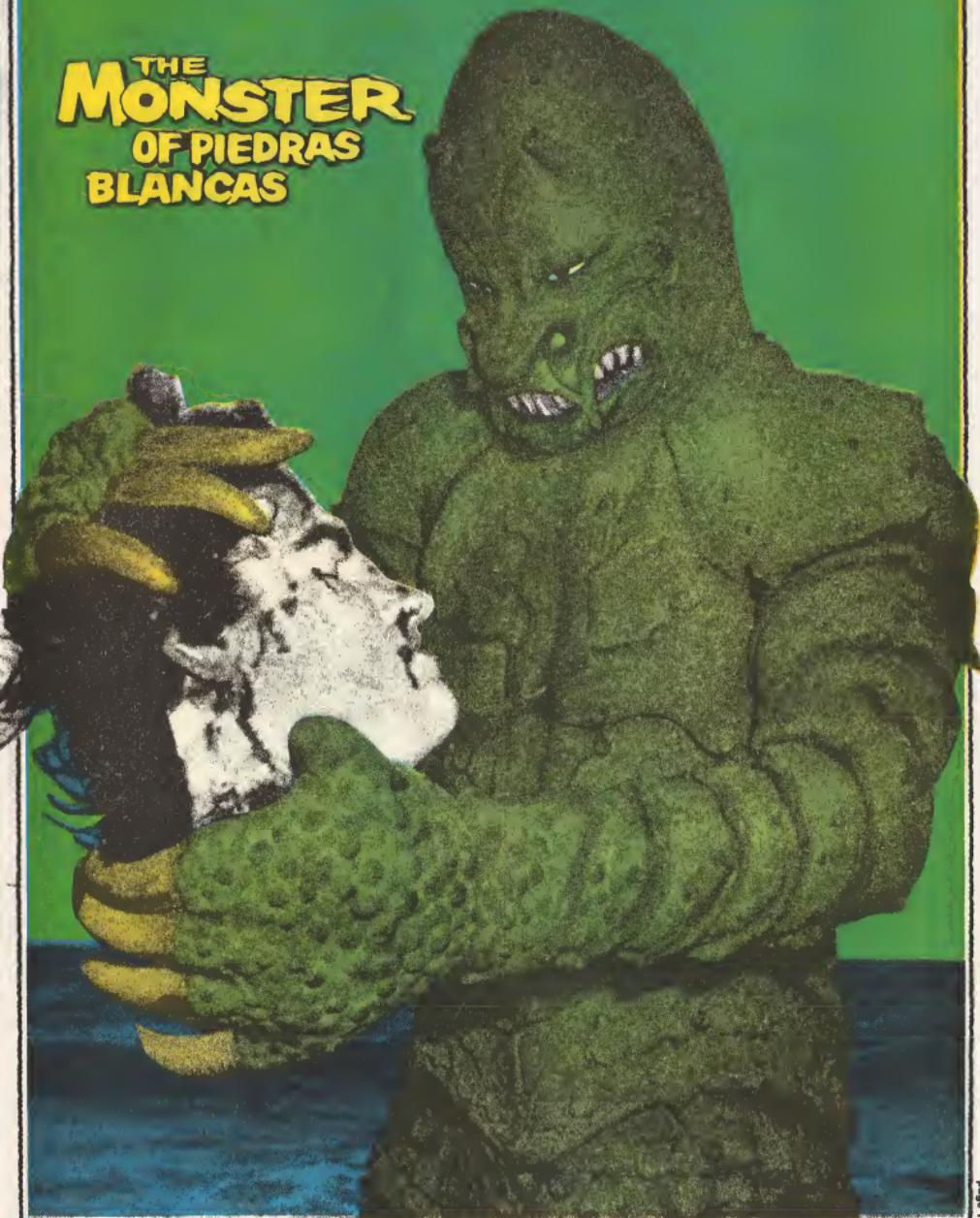
BY JIM VADENBONCOEUR, JR.



COMIC SMITH
10-19-70

This delightfully demented board by the name of Spazell Dukkus is just one of the wackiest characters conceived up by Dr. Kenneth Smith in *PHANTASMAGORIA* #1.

THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS



In past issues of THE MONSTER TIMES, we've chronicled the development of comics—from the early stages of Superman and Batman in the late 1930's, to the super-hero invasion during the World War II years, and even the horror boom that the E.C. group founded in the early 1950's. One period that we haven't covered, however, is the years just after the War, and just before the horror renaissance. For those few years there was chaos in the comic ranks.

All the different companies had their own ideas—one was sure that

cowboy comics would be the rage—another group swore by the romance comics, and still another staked their fortune on crime comics. One outfit, the lamented NEDOR-STANDARD-BETTER group, was convinced that monsters would be the dominant factor. From 1946-1948 it was hard to find a Nedor comic that didn't display a bug-eyed-monster of some sort threatening a lovely damsel in distress. For awhile, MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS, and Nedor comic expert Art Miller is here to tell the story.

WHEN MONSTERS RULED THE COMICS! BY ART MILLER



Alan Schomburg was an unorthodox genius for many years in comics. An excellent example of his long-sympathetic monster art is reproduced here.

The Time: The Late '40's.

The Place: A piece of graphic illustration better known as a comic book.

The Scene: A bug-eyed, nightmare monster attacking a valiant, true-hearted spaceman.

The readers of the colored page, in the late '40's became more and more aware of this scene in their favorite comic books. The super-hero was disappearing fast. Green Lantern's ring was fizzing, Flash depended more on Doby Dickens than on his lightning speed. The Black Tense and the Fighting Yank had lost their own books. The Dollman was just a shadow of what he used to be. Super-heroes everywhere were joining the ranks of the unemployed.

The publishers and editors decided something "new" was needed. Although monsters and horror had been around for some time (if you cared to look), the

creatures really started to take over the comics now. Let's take a look at a couple of titles from the Nedor-Standard Company.

In late 1946, Wonder Comics started turning out more and more grotesque creatures for its "leading star," Wonderman, to conquer. Issue #10 featured a beautiful Alex Schomburg cover in which our hero is seen rescuing his lovely, brown-haired partner, Carol, from a purple, scaly crocodile man. This issue set the tone for many of the stories that followed. The best indicator of what was to come could be found by reading the splash page introduction:

"Can our earth be invaded from the far reaches of space? Can weird monsters from a distant planet destroy humanity? Is the path of total destruction stands the deadly figure of Wonderman, meeting the deadly challenge with all the power of human science?"

Issue #10 finds Wonderman back at it. This time fighting "space ghosts." These monsters were four-clawed, cow-headed creatures with long white fangs and long tails and were (you guessed it!) trying to take over the earth. Behind this trio was Dr. Voodoo, Little, Goddess of Evil, and the Immortal Emperor. This trio of villains fought Wonderman and Carol many times in the pages of Wonder Comics.

GHASTLY GRAHAM

The 12th issue of Wonder Comics takes on a slightly strange situation. At this time, a young artist had just been discharged from the navy. After working for several other publishing houses, he started drawing for Better Publications. His name was Graham Ingles, who was later to become famous for his fine effects at E.C. Comics. Graham Ingles drew the cover of Wonder #12 in which two weird characters are attacking the faces of these



Green-skinned bug-eyed monsters were common in comics in those days. This cover from 1947 shows just such a green E.C. getting nipped by the world's恶毒的外星人, Lance Lewis (James Lewis)...

ghouls bear a strong resemblance to one of the wretched crew of an E.C. Comix.

Now, let's look at the other Nedor title under discussion—Starting Comics. Mr. Ingles also worked on this title. His cover for issue #44, March 1947, features the lead character, Lance Lewis, ray-blasting a green six-foot tall astrobionte. This gussonine thing has his chubby, three-clawed paws around a shapely, long-haired blonde. The introductory paragraph tells all:

"WW wants ever replace men as rulers of the world? See what happens on the Planet Venus when this problem arises—and see how it is solved in the twenty-second century by that remarkable scientist and fighter—Lance Lewis."

Lance Lewis, Space Detective, along with his partner, the beautiful Mama, goes on to fight more strange creatures in the twenty-second century. Starting #46 features another good Graham Ingles cover: A large skeleton being, wrapped in a long green robe, is trying to stab Lance Lewis in a hand-cliffed and horned Mama looks on. (Say, that sounds kinda weird!) Lance was kept busy in this issue, as the story titled "The Undergrad of Mars" shows our hero dueling it out with the "Gobbit." These monstrosities were five-foot, purple, scaly balls with frog heads. In the issues that followed, Lance fought a variety of nightmares: the Crab-Man, five-legged giant spider-monsters, who sported big bloodshot eyes in the middle of their square, purple bodies. Also the Amoeba Men, huge, white slugs from Saturn. They had big black eyes in the middle of their heads. And on and on.

CREATURES CRAWL ON

After only a year, Graham Ingles left Better Publications. But the monsters crawled on. Back at Wonder Comics, the main feature now was Tara, a female

space buccaneer and her crew, Captain Ruben and Malo. This good trio had several "zinging adventures" on the spaceways before the title folded. In issue #18, published in 1948, Tara and her friends are shown on the cover fighting a green, scaly dragon with their blazing swords.



This cover was an early comic by classic E.C. artist Graham Ingles. He wasn't far off the line of Graham has ever done, but then's no accounting for taste. He managed to get a pretty ugly-looking crew in the bottom right-hand corner, though.

The monsters live on whether it be in science fiction, horror, or what have you. Readers seem to enjoy the different grotesque nightmares dreamed up by imaginative artists and writers. The cycle is repeating itself now as the super-heroes of the '60's fade and are replaced by the monsters of the '70's. Long live the monsters!



Continued from page 14

9. OTHER WORLDS

ANGRY RED PLANET It has every right to be after the way we've exploited it.**RIDDICK CRUISE ON MARS** A far-fetched, an unusual approach that just misses the mark.**FORBIDDEN PLANET** Top-level, futuristic with Hartman Robbie the Robot, a real treat from the 1950s, and Anne Francis' legs.**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** Like the film, so far they haven't been too impressive.

WTFID-10

10. WORLDS OF FANTASY

(Favorable) (Points)

THE TH TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD A real treat for the whole family, featuring a cyclops, 2-headed roos, a dragon, and enoughナンバーズ for all the six other voyages rolled into one.**THE TIME MACHINE** H.G. Wells' classic gained even more color and excitement when it hit the screen.**THE MAGIC ROUNDABOUT** A case of too much variety, the rhythmic multi-match did manage some surprising effects and excitement.**PLANET OF THE APES** This novel invention of the evolutionary scheme keeps generating off-the-wall with the use of science.**JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** In search of the Golden Fleece, Tellos, the bronze giant, stuck the pictures.

WTFID-11



11. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF IDIOTS

(Favorable) (Points)

WILLARD The only real acting ability in this overacted drivel was demonstrated by the rats. Still, everybody loved it.**THE KILLER SHREWS** A keeper, a la Night of the Living Dead. Poorly produced, but often frighteningly gruesome.**THE MOLE PEOPLE** They've been relegated to the ranks of the Like Last Shove. And for good reason.

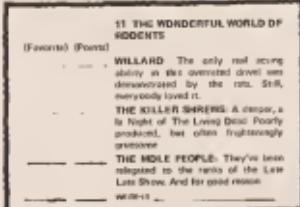
WTFID-12

12. LOST WORLDS

(Favorable) (Points)

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA Not only a great cast, but Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorre, and James Mason as the perfect Captain Nemo.**THE LOST WORLD** Colorful but foolish. Ira Wolfson was impressive. South American monsters. After this one, Claude Rains could hope to become invisible again.**MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** Lovely, but somewhat only second-rate. Juliette Versini.**JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** Two hours of slow bagging and the promise of Pet Rocks. Otherwise, superb.**VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA** Merit talk that anything else.**THE LOST CONTINENT** (1931) Thick-headed stuff, but well done.**THE LOST CONTINENT** (1970) Good Graft.

WTFID-13



13. THE COURT

(Favorable) (Points)

DRACULA The absolute rage of the year. A well-acted and well-dressed monster of all time.**HORROR OF DRACULA** However F-1 was at best. However you always wanted to know about vampires but were afraid to ask.**NOSFERATU** Yes, he was a star of the silent screen too.**SHREDS OF DRACULA** The sound's not necessary, but on charge of taste, I prefer this to *Devil's*.**DRACULA** Right on, brother!**BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** And Dodge City thought it had it bad.

WTFID-14

17. PIVIVES, WEREWOLVES, AND POLYMORPHS

(Favorable) (Points)

THE WOLFMAN Perhaps the most tragic and tormented of all "monsters."**THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON** A real slice, but good. He had Polydactyl as a dog.**I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF** I really can't be a swine now indeed.**CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** However I prefer yours truly a red freaky as ever.**WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY** I had these co-eds naming for their covers.

WTFID-15

14. DOWN BY THE OLD SEA

(Favorable) (Points)

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON This scaly fellow reinforced 3 times to the bones he liked it so much.**IT CAME FROM THE SEA** And there's back where it went now, and it's not too much better.**ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTER** The ogre tends the side of The Croaking Eye.

WTFID-16

15. THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

(Favorable) (Points)

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN A real disappointment for Ray Bradbury fans.**THX-1138** Interesting in concept, striking in its atmosphere, but too monotonously distant.**CREATURE FROM THE HUMANOID** Not bad as a novelty but, still, that's not saying much.**2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** In so many ways, perhaps the prime science fiction film of all time.

WTFID-17

PART 2
MAN MADE
MONSTERS

(Favorable) (Points)

15. FRANKENSTEIN, ANYONE?**FRANKENSTEIN** And now, is this corner, or 250 lbs., the one, the only, the original, the true Frankenstein?**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** Like father, like son-he's up to the same old tricks.**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** Frankenstein's romantic escapades, and most touching of all his films.**ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** Bed & Lou & Frankenstein & Whales. Consider the possibilities.**FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED** So what else is new?**HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** A party piece showing for Franke this total out. Keep your eyes on the Whales.

WTFID-18

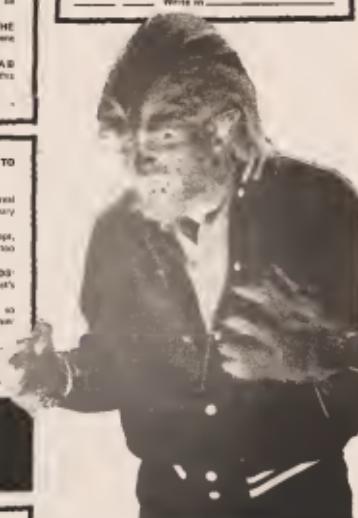
16. FAMOUS TRANSFORMATIONS

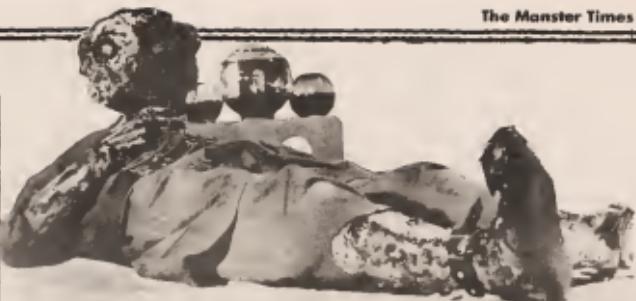
(Favorable) (Points)

T. H. M. L. Y. Holy daugh-her... Holy daugh-her... Holy Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.**THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES** Put this to good use at a evening cocktail party.**DR. JEKYLL AND MRS. HYDE** The good doctor had one too many of the orange juice.**THE INVISIBLE MAN** The original, cool cat gave the dog the red disappearing act.**THE AMAZING TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT** Sorry, but not what you were hoping for.**HOUSE OF WAX** 3D or not 3D? That is the question.

WTFID-19

Continued on next page





19. MISS MONSTER PAGEANT

(Favored) (Point) **THE WASP WOMAN:** Her hair was worse than her body.
ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT WOMAN: And that's a lot of women.
THE SHE CREATURE: You've got to be hypochondriac to like this one.
QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE: Some contestants prize... And that's just where she should stay.
BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN: What, you expect I guess you just can't keep a good woman down.
Write in:

20. LAND OF THE MINIATURE

(Favored) (Point) **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN:** Mini men and one of the best movie moves ever. Jack Arnold's tribute to the irrepressible dignity of man.
DOCTOR CYCLOPS: Cobalt-shriven humans sure on their additic heat in this movie caper in the tropics.
ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE: About as interesting as GI Joe.
Write in:

21. LAND OF THE GIANTS

(Favored) (Point) **THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN:** Mr. Big Stuff, who do you think you are? Actually, a good idea which gets only mediocre treatment.
THE CYCLOPS: Bears a striking resemblance to the Amazing Colossal Man.
WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEASTS: Bears a striking resemblance to the Cyclops.
Write in:



22. THE DEAD AND THE UNDEAD

(Favored) (Point) **TALES FROM THE CRYPT:** As ghoulishly delightful.
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: Though made on a budget of pennies, it's being hailed as the scariest movie in recent years.
HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL: Don't leave your lights on while watching this movie.
THIRTEEN GHOSTS: Unlucky in more ways than one. You'll be sorry, yes.
PLAQUE OF THE ZOMBIES: Strictly for ironists.
Write in:

23. BLOOD AND FRIGHT

(Favored) (Point) **PSYCHO:** Anthony Perkins' career will never be the same after Hitchcock gets through with him. A real masterpiece of terror.
HUSH, HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE: Doctor's orders. Carefully watch the first few minutes, take a long restful nap, and then wake up the grousing hicks.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? Bette Davis' easiest. Joan Crawford's not bad, or should we say, not worse.
THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD: A job for RKO-Radio.
JACK THE RIPPER: We're a real hit with the ladies.
BRAIN OF BLOOD: Handcuffs. Picture strikes again. Recommended to those with an IQ of under 50.
I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, I EAT YOUR SKIN: We're throwing in free for the price of one, and it still isn't worth it.
Write in:

24. STONE-AGE MAN

(Favored) (Point) **WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH:** Nothing to brag about when you consider the competition.
CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT: or—Creatures the filmmakers forgot to put in their titles.
ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (1967 Version): Timon. Which means Tyrannosaurus Rex. Greatly mismatched, wouldn't you say?
TEENAGE CAVEMAN: I think I'm getting sick. Bravos.
Write in:



25. THE MISSING LINK

(Favored) (Point) **TROG:** Jean Crawford must have been a real trog to come up with the repulsive lines of this filth.
HALF-HUMAN: Oakbed and fur-fetched. But, somehow just quite fascinating.
THE ADMIRABLE SNOWMAN OF THE HIMALAYAS: More than anything else, really.
SKULL-DUGGERY: Did you ever see a movie that was "so good it had to be bad?" Well, look it up for a one-word description of this movie.
Write in:

BONUS

FAVORITE HORROR FILM STAR

(Favored) (Point) **BORIS KARLOFF:**
BELA LUGOSI:
VINCENT PRICE:
LON CHANEY SR.:
LON CHANEY JR.:
Write in:

FAVORITE SCI-FI TV SHOW

(Favored) (Point) **THE TWILIGHT ZONE:**
STAR TREK:
NIGHT GALLERY:
OUTER LIMITS:
WAY OUT:
Write in:

MY FAVORITE MONSTER OF ALL TIME IS:

MY FAVORITE MONSTER PICTURE OF ALL TIME IS:

MY CANDIDATE FOR THE WORST MONSTER PICTURE OF ALL TIME IS:

My name is _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____
 State: _____ Zip Code: _____
 I am _____ years of age.

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COMIX: A HISTORY OF COMICS BOOKS IN AMERICA. This is an attractive hard-cover book covering the comic book phenomenon up to today's undergrounds, a territory not

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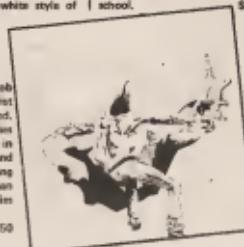


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Doris Fujitake, an artist of the Jeff Jones-Berni Wrightson school. \$1.00



SCREEN FACTS 23/24 (double issue). This is a prize for horror film fans. The entire issue (50 + pages) consists of magnificent full-page stills from Universal horror films. Look again at Karloff, Dwight Frye, Boris Karloff, and many grisly others. \$3.00



PORT OF PERIL by Ois Adibert Kline. A hard-cover re-issue of a famous science-fiction novel located in the Orient. Of special interest are the four illustrations by J. Allen St. John, one of the great masters of fantasy art. \$3.00

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the MONSTER Scene

Nowadays it seems like you never can tell where your favorite ghouls might pop up next. Today there are Transylvanians on TV, monsters in media, zombies in class and mercenary madmen on Madison Avenue. There are even bats in the belfry, Zombies on Broadway, and (ewk!) zombies in the sink! In keeping with the current reveal of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where modern normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, **THE MONSTER SCENE**... brought to you by your friendly ghouls-in-the-field at TMT. (...listen for the sound of applause!)



THE GREAT FRIGHT WAY

It's often been said of our old friend Kong that he doesn't break girls' hearts, he gives them a coronary. Kong's latest conquest is Maureen Stapleton, who plays the title role in a new Broadway play called **THE SECRET AFFAIRS OF MILDRED WILD**. Mildred is a neurotic, middle-aged dame, set who banishes herself to buying groceries to the King in this comedy written by Paul Zindel. It's playing at the Ambassador Theater as of this writing at least. And if Kong can corrupt himself during this his second Broadway stint, the play will be still running when you read this.



HORRORS OFF BROADWAY or BACK AT THE HOUSE OF PAIN

The Spawn of Dr. Moreau are alive and well and living at the Jean Cocteau Theater in a theatrical adaptation of H.G. Wells' classic story about the mad Dr. Moreau who transformed animals into, as the 1932 film treatment (**THE ISLAND OF LOST**

SOULS), put it: "Not men, not beasts...things!" The adaptation, staged by José Stein, focuses not on the mad doctor, but on the macabre victims of his evil experiments—a Wolf-Man, Ape-man, Pig-man, and Tiger-Woman. Get interested

Tarzeyutz, Bill Furst, saw the production and recommends a highly TMT-worthy in the New York vicinity can call the Jean Cocteau Theater at 43 Bond Street at 673-9306 or 765-1380 for further information. ■

INTESTINAL FORTITUDE

If you're thinking of going to the moon, or out down a dangerous street, or out to see American-International's latest fright epic, you might want to take a bottle of Triptone anti-nausea capsules along, just in case you're likely to be "age capsule," where "special ingredient" is iodine (by their copywriters) to provide protection against unwanted nausea, diarrhea and stomach upset. According to the ad, the ingredient in Triptone was tested at the Navy School of Aviation Medicine against 5 other well known anti-nausea medications and was found to be "the most effective" of them tested. Looks like four more years of that long-lasting production of **THE REPUBLICANS WALK AMONG US** ahead, so it might be a good idea to stock up now.

NOW the single
MOTION SICKNESS
ingredient
most effective for
ASTRONAUTS

Review: Marmite against 5 other well known motion sickness remedies. The results of the test of TRIPTONE was found to be the "most effective" single ingredient.

The space age TRIPTONE formula prevents nausea, diarrhea and stomach upset for 4 hours and it's good enough for 4 years out. Before you go to the moon, or out down a dangerous street, take TRIPTONE, available without prescription.

triptone

The space age remedy for
MOTION SICKNESS



IF THE SHOE FITS

In their mad eagerness to exploit monsters to peddle their products, some advertisers don't even bother to tell the honest truth about whether or if they're selling an any kind of coherent way. A good case in point is this ad for the London **Character Boutiques**' "Cookie Monster" shoe.



One of Sesame Street's most popular residents, but no attempt is made to justify the connecting of his august name to these mere mortal shoes. Such shoddy practice is nothing short of an outrage! In fact, they're gonna send us from our lawyer in the morning... just as soon as we dig him up, that is. ■

IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE SMOKESTACK

One of the wildest examples of bizarre graphics this side of **PSYCHOLOGY TODAY** Magazine recently appeared as a copy of the Mad Ave style publication, **ADVERTISING AGE**. While the Pollution Monster was originally being used to handle Kodak film and copy itself in gaudily roisterous, leaving the come-artist free to enjoy this vivid visualization of yet another example of Fun City humor. Even these Ecological Monsters don't look very healthy. ■

KARLOFF

KARLOFF—the most famous horror actor of all time. The man whose unforgettable portrayal of the Frankenstein monster thrust a new word into the American dictionary. Karloff—the man who has been scaring people off of their minds for years.

And now, at long last, there is a biography of Boris Karloff. It's the first and only one and it's filled with tons of valuable information about the gentle man whose screen image was that of a blood-thirsty, depraved creature. There was only one Boris Karloff.

And there is only one biography, now available directly from the horrible people who bring you THE MONSTER TIMES. KARLOFF is over 200 pages and is chock full of photos, and KARLOFF even has an index of all of Karloff's 163 films. The book is a valuable reference work, an engrossingly interesting book—and it's wary, too.

KARLOFF is available for only \$6 (plus 50 cents for postage and

handling), and we recommend that you pick it up immediately. You never know who may be watching you!



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THE TMT MONSTER BOX IS HERE!

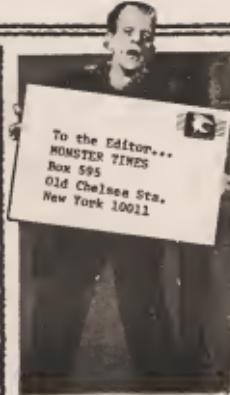
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To the Editor,
MONSTER TIMES,
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

APE OVER TIME!



444 WEST 56TH STREET
NEW YORK NEW YORK 10019

Dear M.T.

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed your features on the "Planet of the Apes" film series.



I think your magazine should be complimented on the make-up and distribution of your articles as well as the lucid manner in which the films are discussed.

We, in the industry, know that there is a very large loyal following for so-called "monster" films, and I feel that your publication does an important job in reaching that audience in a comprehensive and illuminating manner.

Very best regards,
Gordon Armstrong
Twentieth-Century Fox Film Co.

Thanks for the compliment, Mr. Armstrong. Rest assured that the Stewart staff of THE MONSTER TIMES will continue the pursuit of excellence in comment, humor, news, and science-fiction. You keep turning out the movies and we'll keep commenting on them.

THE MARK OF THE PHANTOM

Dear Mr. Weatherperson

I read with great sympathy your extremely amateur "Monster Times" article "The Case Against the Phantom" and my first reaction is as emphatic: "Right on, Sitter!" However, as much as I sympathize with the spirit of your comments, I think it only fair to extrapolate those perceptions of truth perpetrated by that charlatanic script-artist team of Felt and Meert. Indeed there is a much-disputed, twisted record of my family.

First of all, let me set the record straight and reveal for the first time that the male line ceased two generations ago, when the male heir was killed in a savage battle with those nasty Sengi pirates. His sister, Mildred (my grandmother) had to carry on. Since then they have been forced to continue wearing that ridiculous costume in order to conceal our secret from the prying eyes of the Mahicans of Barogoo.

More (see "Phantom"), extend 12 years ago and is now assisting the U.S. Government in its investigation of Ralph Nader.

Finally, just a couple more pertinent facts. Duan Palmer (my cousin) has been married to Dr. Laupa for six years. I married Gura (the chief of the Pygmy Rainforest) thirteen years ago. We have two children—Rex and Toman. (Rex looks like me while Toman rather favors his father.)

I hope these facts help to dispel some of Ms. Weatherperson's lies and to acquaint the world with one more decent for male imperialist exploitation.

Very sincerely yours,
Kitty Walker (Mrs. Gura)

Dear Mrs. Gura,

Your subscription to MS. magazine starts this month. Ms. Weatherperson, on the other hand, is now happily married and subscribing to FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE.

FRIEND OF FRANKENSTEIN
Dear Monster Times:

Congratulations on "The Best of Frankensteins" article in your fourth issue. Alan Arkin did a superb job in writing it. I am enclosing a drawing of "Frankenstein" as a tribute. I hope you



like it. Maybe in the near future you'll have an article on the original Frankensteins.

The seventh issue was another blockbuster, specially the monstrously, blameworthy, "Sacrifice" by John Simmons and Steve Hickman. I am a Hickman fan from some time back and I've always enjoyed his work. By the way, am I ever plugging to you? "The Monster and His Mate" by Larry Felt? I would really appreciate it if you do because his magazine has always been of top quality and he really is a fun person, thinks. In closing, I wish you all the best of luck for the future and may you always look behind closed doors and shun shadowy windows.

Anthony T. Sitoito

An article on the original Frankenstein movie is coming up in our all-Born Karloff issue. Look for it on the newsstand, but in the meantime, we are running our Frankenstein drawing. Thanks for letting us look at it.

Send us to many letters, postcards, books, drawings, autographs, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

Here he is... the Moana Monster as O'Brien, as he was depicted in THE ANIMATION JOURNAL. Mrs. Willis O'Brien remarked, "He was involved in his invention." Since obviously that the inventor film has been a severe one.

another of O'Brien's production paintings. In an article she wrote for we never did to interest any producer in it as less much interest of KONG could have been that kind of opposition. The loss to Fantasy



Tear your eyes away from the above painting. It represents a scoop for the readers of THE MONSTER TIMES. It's a water-color painting by Willis O'Brien, the genius who gave us KING KONG and many other monster classics and it illustrates a movie project of his that never made it to the shooting stage. Our monstrous Cleveland staffer, Tony Isabella, came across this work of art and the story behind...



The Master Himself,
Willis O'Brien.

A portrait of the artist
as a younger man.



WILLIS O'BRIAN'S MISSING MONSTER!

BY TONY ISABELLA

How did he stay up? Let us count the ways. He started with the original version of THE LOST WORLD in 1925 and a monstrous gone wild in the streets of London. KING KONG gave his respects to Broadway and the rest of New York in 1933. Hollywood would never be quite the same after a 1949 visit by MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. Diplomatic relations were strained when he let THE BLACK SCORPION loose in Mexico City in 1957. London got trampled once more in 1959's THE GIANT BEHEMOTH. Willis O'Brien accomplished more than an army of wrecking crews could have and left us an exciting legacy of the greatest monster films ever made.

In the middle 1950's, Willis O'Brien (known to his friends as "O'Brie") started work on one of his most ambitious projects ever, a film that made extensive use of the stop-motion animation techniques he had pioneered in those earlier films. O'Brien threw himself into the project with a vigor surprising for a man in his sixties. He did many shot outlines, over ninety water-color continuity sketches, and a few finished paintings like the one above. The film, based on an ancient Indian legend, was to have been titled THE LAST OF THE OSO SI-FAPU. Unfortunately, O'Brien was unable to interest any producer in backing this film. You see, the movie's villain is a totally despicable producer of grade-Z horror films.

Suppose O'Brien had found a

peddler, though? Some information on the film's story-line is available. We could fill in the details. With a little imagination...

TWILIGHT IN OSO

It is dusk in Oso, a small southwestern town on the Mexican-New Mexican border. The townspeople are converting much of their land into a high-class resort. They refuse an opportunity to pollute their little town. Among their current distinguished visitors are Drs. Dave Massaro and James Barron, arachnologists on the trail of a missing link between reptile and mammal; Kenneth Astor, an unscrupulous producer of low-budget horror films that always exceed the bounds of good taste; and

KING KONG leaves a little on intelligent prehistory but he's still the same dumbass like KING even in 1925 version of THE LOST WORLD are still considered to be O'Brien's greatest cinematic achievements.



Although the pen-and-ink art by Jack Baker, Irving Block, and Lewis DeVito as the Special Effects Designer, while worked behind the scenes of *THE GIANT BEHEMOTH*, too.

Allen Astor, the younger brother and press agent of the producer. The producer has already clashed with the scientists over his plans to set off explosive charges, as part of his plan to distract the two doctors from the fossils of the missing link they are searching for. Allen sympathizes with the scientists, but the producer is adamant. The charges go off as planned, leaving an ugly scar across the desert.

Night. A guard stares in disbelief as first one and then a second giant head appears from the crater left by Astor's blasting. The heads are colossal reptiles with the bodies of grizzly bears, the heads and coloration of gila monsters, and the ferocity of unleashed hurricanes. They destroy Astor's equipment. The guard is found the next morning in a state of shock.

Hearing of the destruction of the film crew's equipment, the scientists tell Astor of the legend of the Oso Si-Pape, the very



Here's a closer look at Oliver's handwork—the memory of one of the maddest-monster gents, the Oso Si-Pape.

legend that brought them to the town. The Si-Pape heads are like locusts, appearing every hundred years or so. Descriptions of the beasts convinced the doctors that they were the missing links they searched for. Astor refuses to believe them and accuses them of destroying his camp themselves. The producer is about to have the doctors arrested when the Si-Pape attack the town.

MONSTERS MANGLE MEXICAN BORDER

A hastily-gathered squad of citizens drive the boats off, but not before they have nearly leveled the town. The creatures head toward the Mexican border. The scientists want to capture them alive. So does the producer... to use them in his film. The two teams race to the border to head the monsters off before they leave American soil.

Astor and his brother arrive first. They throw everything in the book at the beasts, managing to turn the point of madness. The creatures begin to battle each other, using struggle which ends with one of the heads fatally wounded. The scientists manage to save young Allen from the monster's dying struggles. The producer goes after the remaining creature, who is heading for the mountains that surround the area.

This time the scientists arrive first and manage to shoot the surviving Si-Pape with tranquilizer guns. As they return with the beast, though, they are hijacked by the producer and his henchmen. Allen turns against his brother, but is quickly rendered unconscious. During the struggle, however, the beast shakes off the tranquilizer and escapes. Leaving the scientists and his brother, the producer takes up the chase once more.

The creature charges across a vast oil field, laying waste to the derricks and pipes. The producer and his men arrive, but this time, they are chased by the



Some pen-and-ink art known as THE GREAT JOE YOUNG MIGHTY JOE TO YOU—see TMT 16, a special issue that looks at the legend of KING KONG, but still has moments, especially when Oliver's special effects took over.



maddest head to a bottomless canyon. They try to escape in a cable car string across the canyon, but the monster shakes these to their death in a scene reminiscent of KING KONG. The scientists and Allen arrive and again shoot the Si-Pape with their tranquilizer guns. The shots do not take immediate effect. The scientists appear doomed when Allen draws the beast's attention with a jeep. The monster chases Allen around the edges of the canyon until the tranquilizers begin to work. Drugged, the last of the Oso Si-Pape staggers and falls into the canyon. Lost to forever.

The last of the Oso Si-Pape is dead. And so are all hopes of ever seeing this film.

In fact, this tragic account of the last Oso Si-Pape has moved the staff of THE MONSTER TIMES to present yet another nostalgic rehash of the unforgettable KING KONG—a complete 68-panel comic strip re-creation of the Supersaurus's illustrious story. So turn the page and turn on to a highly unusual re-creation of the life of our favorite monster—Ed.

KING - KONG



Doolittle, Captain Doolittle, are not the first to land to make life easier on this monsterous South Seas.



He goes a long boat the Indian form used for areas on this monsterous South Seas.



Acquaintance time is the beautiful Anna. Doolittle allows her to come to make a first visit.



Captain Doolittle is always here, a typical old salt.



Doolittle, first mate and Anna, second mate.



KING KONG... And we do much quick! Already time and space are running out, so here goes...



Doolittle and Anna fall in love... it's gonna be a long trip.



Chorus the Chinese cook provides some defense from wild.



Acquaintance time is the beautiful Anna. Doolittle allows her to come to make a first visit.



"The island is on sight."



Doolittle checks his map.



The island is indeed on sight!



Doolittle and Anna fall in love... it's gonna be a long trip.



Short boat ferry into the mysterious South Seas.



British sailors in boat. Doolittle takes his first boat around.



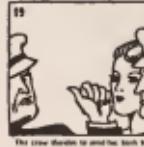
The natives are restless.



The crew members who



The crew is restless... they're bound for safety. The natives want their



The crew members to avoid the South Sea.



Having captured the last boat, Doolittle and Anna reenact the morning of 1492.



Miss the is ready to become the next immediately noticeable.



The Cook splits his beans to Doolittle.



We must save Anna. Backs the movement of fire that surrounded crew.



The natives are more restless than



Doolittle drives the monkey gun.



To me shall return to King Kong's home. The natives are.



The Great Wall of Shant Island sends the crew off from the foredeck up.



A great reminder," Miss Christian.



A tremendous shout during the way



Doolittle and Anna begin their long journey toward reenactment to the deserted land.



But I don't want to be the monkey gun. It's just more important things on his mind!



We the natives are in regular chow, and decide to eat.



They should know better by this time.



Doolittle, when you when a half of the crew make benefits day kind.



At any time that it's time to demonstrate his muscle over the Shant Island.



Miss Christian and Doolittle complete all a couple of bunches snakes.



The King Kong has many teeth in the bottom heavy, but Shant Island is too great for him to eat.



He Kong (Doolittle) not even realize when he is interrupted by a crew, who quickly disappears.



Once around, the Submariner's teeth leaves no breath.



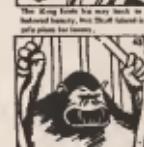
While King Kong is busy playing King of the Animal, Doolittle makes off with the crew.



King off air to make a crew of it when he is already filled by the crew.



and invited for dinner in New York.



Everyone along now. Every monkey has Broadway dinner and, growing bored, splits before the second act.



The diagnosis of a sea. For City residents, a ledge down again, and residents for nothing.



Drive me trees in which, the King has to write for writing the Empire State Building.



Side of boat.



But not for long... a couple of 2000



King, however, to the antarctic where a like being New York is a complete mockery... just any place where the town's

The Monster Times Teletype

...Prints news, reviews, previews, press-clippings ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monstertism's answer to Ronin Harton. Bill is in town-out; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's *TELETYPE* lines up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flicks & celebs when they're still only in production. Impress friend and send 'em with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Goshawootie, gang!

Rita Hayworth is to star in a new psycho-thriller entitled *WITNESS MADNESS* for World Film Services. Shooting just started at Shepperton Studios in London. Rita Hayworth is in grand company with a string of grandees stars such as June Astor, Joan Collins and Georgia Brown.

The rock stars, The BeeGees, have the starring roles in *CASTLE X* which is filming in Yugoslavia. It's a musical medieval horror film.

Cross International has before the cameras a production called *SUPERGIRL*, which is having extensive location shots in L.A., New York and Miami.

Before we have even been treated for *infracted* to the arrival of *BLACKENSTEIN*, shooting has begun on its sequel, *THE RETURN OF BLACKENSTEIN*.

Filming of the new musicalization of *PETER PAN* will be starting in London shortly. The score will be by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, creators of *J.C. SUPERSTAR*, and Patrick Garland will direct. No female star has been cast for the voyage to Never-Neverland as yet.



Sammy Davis Jr. may even become something of a horror star. He's working on *POOR OSWALD*, which will air as a 90 minute made-for-TV film concerning a

somewhat inept messenger of Satan himself. Mr. Davis has also shown interest in a proposed feature-length black version of *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*.

The same production team that will be bringing us the updated version of *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* is working on a new project, that of *Jonathan Swift's classic GULLIVER TRAVELS*. It'll be a live-action and animation combination, John Barry, of James Bond fame, will write the music, and Don Black the lyrics.

ATTENTION COMIC FANS!
Ed Sorel, filmmaker and comic book artist, has just completed a comic book movie called "SUPERHYPE" which is kinds of science, sexual artwork, and release pictures can be borrowed through and purchased. Ed's store is located on 83rd Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues in New York's Upper East Side. Stop by and tell him **THE MONSTER TIMES** sent you.

Arrow Films is readying *SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT* for release (no doubt Christmasy). Patrick O'Neal, John Carradine, and Walter Abel are topnotched.

Cinemas will release Metromedia's science-fiction opus *CHOSEN SURVIVORS*.

CHOICE CUTS, the film about a transplanted everything, had much difficulty making it to the screen, but it looks as though it must might make it under Philippe De Broca's direction of a French version of it.

James H. Nicholson's Academy Pictures has changed the title to *LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE*, from the previously announced "Hell House." It's from the Richard Matheson script as I reported, but what's east... Barbara Parkers, Clive Revill, Rayford Powell and a possible future for more, Panned *Frankenstein*. This is a Must see.

Last, but not least, that Charles Adkins brainchild, *THE ADDAMS FAMILY*, is seeking a revival. New cast and new shows are being peddled to the networks, and if they don't sell there, they will go into syndication, so that sounds pretty firm.

ALIVE, ALIVE O will be a chiller television film on the ABC Movie of the Week starring beautiful Lee Remick and nose-looking Mita O'Dea. Filmed in Dublin, it's an "I-can't seem to find-my-husband" searcher.

ABC is also readying a Christmas Horror presentation *HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS* will star Julie (THE HAUNTING) Harris, Eleanor Parker, Sally Field, and Walter Brennan Santa Claus?

A.E. Van Vogt's sci-fi novel *THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL* will hit the celluloid via Luigi Cozzi.



After *THIS ISLAND EARTH*, IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, THE ATOMIC MAN, CULT OF THE COBRA and the soon-to-be-released *SO EVIL HER SISTER*, you'd think Earth Deneuve would have retired as one of the reigning queens of the Horror films, but no—she goes on unslated. She is bringing her exotic beauty to Salt Lake City 75 for the filming of *HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CORPSES*, in which she co-stars with John Ireland and that old



ghoulie John Carradine. The echo of her voice's screen never die.

THE VAULT OF HORROR, sequel to **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, has a cast that seems to get more impressive every couple of weeks, and appears to be trying to outdo its predecessor. Ready?... Glynn Jones (*MIRANDA*, *THE MERMAID*), Edward Judd (*FIRST MEN IN THE MOON*), Curt Jurgens (*MEPHISTO WALTZ*), Terry Thomas, Dennis Adams (*HOUSE OF FRIGHT*), and Denholm Elliott (*SCENT OF MYSTERY*).

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
December 10	The Second Sunday Post Sealing 621 Avenue 2 Brooklyn, New York	McAlpin Hotel 7th Ave and 42nd St. New York City	\$1 at the door	No special features, but all buying and selling
Dec. 26-28	Comic Con II - Mark Sagli 489 Lytton Blvd. Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada	York University Toronto, Canada	\$5 in advance \$3 a day at the door	Carrie actress Stan Lee, lots of comics and sci-fi
Feb. 18-19	Star Trek Con At Shuster Post Office Box 95 Old Chelsea Station New York 10011	Hotel Commodore 42 Broad and Lexington Avenue	\$5 at the door \$3.50 in advance	Jeremy Deacon, James Arness, Oscar Kats and lots of Star Trek stuff.
April 29-30	Lana Con - Al Shuster Post Office Box 95 Old Chelsea Station, New York 10011	Stork-Hilton Hotel 33rd Street and 7th Ave. New York City	\$3 in advance \$3 at the door	The biggest annual fan convention in the country in New York. Many famous guests.

THE CON CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of *THE MONSTER TIMES*. Across the great land of us are quaint and curious gatherings of spookily curious nautics. The gatherings called "conventions," and the readers, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trad-blazing roundup.

To those readers who've never been to one of these fine-bred affairs, we recommend it.

Directions of such events, per *Con-Calendar* by noting that there's a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like me, manage to spend vams on out-of-date comic, science fiction pulps, and western reprints. But that's just the surface of things. If you're a fan of the likes of *Witches of Dracul* or *King Kong*, or a 1943 copy of *Archie Comics* (*God Help Us* know why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction flicks, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other convention or comic science fiction freaks like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world—OR if you want to meet the new *Demolition Babies* who are taking over *THE MONSTER TIMES*, go ahead and read out one of these conventions. We dare ya!



Now for a flick that will undoubtedly go down in Monstertown history: that's right.....**S-S-S-S-S!** (That is the title.....S-S-S-S!) Not only is the title titillating, but so is the plot... Mad scientist with a batch of rapist jolts, or a vat of venom if you will, starts injecting his more-too-willing friends. Result: Sneaky snakes, or sneaky sneaks. The same production team of Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown, who brought you **PLANET OF THE APES**, is at the helm for this one at Universal.

Some of the excitement at the recent Horror Festival in Seville, Spain, was generated by such entries as Japan's **LAKE OF ORACULAC**, the British **DODGWATCH** and the Czechoslovakian **THE CORPSE BURNER**. The latter walked away with silver medal awards for best cinematography and Rudolf Hruska, its star, for best actor.

Capetown, S. Africa, of all places, becomes the site for **DIE SPOKK VAN OONKERGAT** OR **THE GHOST OF OONKERGAT**. Two local radio personalities are playing the leads for this flick from Capital Films.

Out of a package including westerns and comedies and other films being set for release by Paragon Pictures, I find a couple of titles of interest to us: **PARADISE OF TERROR**, **HORROR FROM BEYOND**, **TERROR IN 2A**, **SEVEN MURDERS FOR SCOTLAND YARD**, **THE HORRIBLE SEXY VAMPIRE** (I'm not quite sure how to take that) and **WHEN WOMEN PLAYED DING DONG**. (That last one might be a mistake... on their part that is!)



"FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

Everyone the side of **STAR TREK** knows about the world's most recognizable character, **FLASH GORDON**. Flash and his compadres—insane **Doc Zarkov**, delinquent **Ole Astro** and the despicable **Ming the Merciless**—have made the scene just about everywhere. Starting off as a comic strip, then transferred to the screen, it even made television and comic books. Of Flash has been around, and now to chronicle all those trials and tribulations comes **HERITAGE**—devoted to Flash and Flash alone.

HERITAGE is just about everything for the Flash freak, or even the most casual reader. Is it course slaps you? Well, there's Jeff Jones, **Mark Kausler**, **Frank Frazetta** to name a few. Is it an article that you desire? You won't find a better one than "Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by TMT's own Al Asherman. They don't come more informative than this, people. Are portfolios your bag? Well **Gray Morrow** and **Kenneth Smith** contributions fill the bill. Not to mention illustrations by **Fritz Frazetta** and **Reed Crandall**. And if it's an interview you demand, don't go way. **Heritage** has a long, free-wheeling discussion with Mr. **Buster Crabbe**—"Flash in the flesh," if you will—conducted by none other than Al

Wahlman, Flash Gordon's greatest fan. And still? Like you wouldn't believe.

And in case you're worried that super Flash keepsake is fragile, forget it. This 80 page masterpiece is printed on super-heavy, super slick stock bound to last several lifetimes. The cover is illustrated in full-color by the original Flash delector, **Alex Raymond**. And the cost? Fifteen dollars, say? Ten dollars? No, sir, this book is available from the friendly folk at **The Monster Times** for only \$3.50 and 25 cents postage and handling. So what are you waiting for?

The Monster Times, 11 West 17 Street, Dept H, New York, N.Y. 10011

One Monster Times, copies of the all Flash Gordon **HERITAGE** issue \$3.50 plus 25 cents postage and handling for each copy. A total of \$3.75... a bargain!

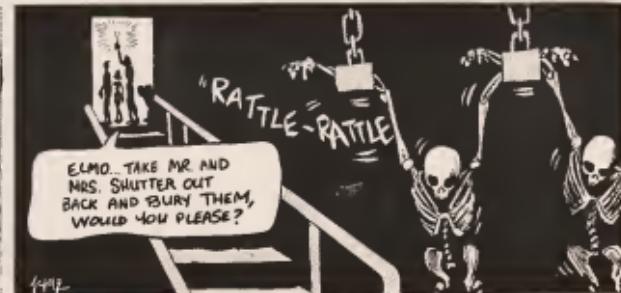
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Don Curtis' **PRODUCERS**, who brought us **DARK SHADOWS** and **THE NIGHT STALKER**, is developing **Richard Matheson's ENNER SANCTUM** for ABC and **Wiliam Nolen's THE NINELLES TAPES** for NBC.

CBS will air a TV feature called **BEARS OF PREY**, which stars David Janssen and will feature a spectacular chase through Grand Canyon... by air.

Canada becomes the locale for the filming of **THE NEPTUNE FACTORY** AN **UNDERSEA ODYSSEY**. Ernest Borgnine, Ben Gazzara, Yvette Mimieux and Walter Pidgeon are starred.

Neveco International has in production a western melodrama called **BLOODY JACK**.



the Monster Times

Drac's back and TMT's got 'im... in our exclusive preview of Hammer Film's latest vampire epic, DRACULA A.D. 1972, Chris Lee, who stars again as the unconquerable Count, speaks his mind about his portrayals in a TMT interview, too. All this and more about the return of the Count can be uncovered on page 10. We'd also like to take this opportunity to urge all our readers to cast their votes in the 1ST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL, an important public service feature commencing on page 13 (our lucky number, by the way). Also on view herein are the adventures of PERRY RHODAN, pulp superstar; the trials and tribulations of THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS; the tragedy of WILLIS O'BRIEN'S MISSING MONSTERS; and some never-welcome "comic relief" provided by SEYMOUR. And just in case you happen to find any material of a relevant and vital nature inside, please accept our apologies in advance.

WARNING:
The Surgeon General
Has Determined That
Vampire-Baiting
Can Be Dangerous
to Your Health!



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